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WITH DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

THE end of the matter is this, the child hath a devil."

"No; ah, no, good Asclepia, the child is yet weak and ill by reason of the fever. And look, she is still now, quite still—yes, sleeping."

The older woman cast a frowning glance about the hut, then she leaned forward and laid a withered finger on the cheek of the unconscious child. "There is no heat here," she said decidedly. "Draw now the curtain from the doorway that I may see."

The mother of the sick child obeyed. "Too much light, good wise-woman," she ventured timidly, "is bad; is it not so?"

"For what am I called Asclepia?" answered the other darkly, staring hard at the small, wizened figure which lay motionless on the mat at her feet. "Look, you! I have said the child hath a devil; again I say it—behold!" and she pointed triumphantly with her long, bony finger to a faint purplish stain on the waxen forehead of the child. "It is the mark of the demon!"

"No, no, kind Asclepia; 'tis only a bruise; the little one fell yesterday in the fever-fit while I was forced to leave her to fetch water from the fountain."

Asclepia straightened her tall, gaunt figure with a grim laugh.

"Thou art but a poor creature—the sport of the furies," she said contemptuously; "the gods hate thee, it is plain; thy husband slain in battle, thy kindred perished of the plague, and now thy child. Look you," she continued with an air of relish, "thou knowest not the ways of devils; but I, Asclepia, the wise-woman of Lebanon, know them right well. What say you to this, woman: the son of Marsyas, the rich wine-merchant of Sidon, only breast high, fair and ruddy of countenance was he, not four moons ago; then the red sickness seized upon the child, and at the moment when it left him weak and empty the black soul of the malefactor, Baladan, lately crucified at Sidon, entered in its room. The lad never spoke again, but the soul of the malefactor tore him night and day till the breath left his nostrils. Aye—woe! woe!"

The sick child started up with a sharp, echoing cry, her wide, black eyes glassy and staring, her mouth distorted horribly, her limbs convulsed and writhing. Maia caught the little tortured body in her arms with a moan of terror. "My child," she wailed, "my little babe! See, mother is here! Nothing shall harm thee!"

"The devil is tearing her," quoth the wise-woman complacently, arranging her veil as if to depart. "Now here is counsel for thee. Find thee a live bat; make it fast to the post yonder with a cord of scarlet; then bind the child beneath it—also with cords of scarlet—and beat her naked body with wands of the back willow till the foul spirit within cries out for mercy. Do not thou heed, but ply the rods with all diligence till the mouth of the child ceases to cry; then immediately do thou loose the bat; the devil will have entered it. So haply shalt thou deliver the possessed."

"No—no! I will not—I cannot!" cried Maia sharply, hugging the wasted body of the child closer to her breast. "She would die under the rods. She hath already suffered—ah, suffered, suffered! She could not bear it—she would die!"

Asclepia shrugged her shoulders. "Better dead than devil-possessed," she said loudly. "Well, then, thou hast paid me my price; I must do what I can. Pay good heed to this wise saying of a sage of Egypt. Take of the live coals from under the pot seven; bind two to the soles of her feet, two in the palms of her hands, and three over the heart, being careful also to hold a red cock near to the mouth while the flesh burns. What! Thou wilt not? Why, then, didst thou call Asclepia to thy counsel? Go thy way, sport of the furies; gorge the child with milk and sweets; warm it soft in thy bosom; speak gently to it—aye, cherish the foul spirit within. It will remain till the breath pass, well pleased. But her death be on thine own foolish head."

The child moaned and trembled at sound of the strident voice. The mother caressed it passionately. "Hush, thee, flower of Lebanon," she whispered brokenly, rocking herself to and fro; "thou art faded—yes, but thou art my all—my all. Sleep, little white flower! The gods in mercy grant me the evil thou art suffering. I am strong to bear it, whilst thou——" She gazed into the small, withered face upon her breast, slow tears of speechless anguish scalding her worn cheeks. "The babe is bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, great Asclepia," she faltered, looking up piteously into the frowning face of the wise-woman. "Beat me, I beseech of thee; burn me; it will suffice."

Asclepia laughed aloud. "I would beat thee gladly for a fool," she cried scornfully, "but no rod hath grown out of the earth fit to purge thee of thy folly. May the brat live to tear thee!" With that parting word of comfort she turned quickly and was gone.

"MY LITTLE BABE," SHE MOANED

For a full hour after the departure of the wise-woman Maia sat holding the child, who had sunken into the death-like stupor which fell between the paroxysms of her disorder as black, quiet nights divide days of tempest and ruin. Which was most awful and heart-rending Maia knew not. She stared with hot, tearless eyes at the still terrible face, leaden-hued and pinched into a ghastly semblance of unlovely old age. This piteous face, with its blackened lips, its withered flesh, its purple, distended lids, could it be that this was the face of her child—her little, laughing, rosy Halie, dimpled and soft and flower-smooth to the touch of her hand?

"Better dead than devil-possessed." The words sounded in her ears, a voice of doom, awakening grim, sleeping memories of her own childhood days; awful, naked spectres, haunting the bleak mountain uplands, seen from time to time flitting phantom-wise along the edges of black precipices, their mad laughter mingling with the roar of swift torrents, or wandering and wailing under sad winter moons amid the rock-hewn tombs of the valleys; ever death-pursued, yet never dying; driven to and fro unendingly, like the restless, eternal mists of Lebanon.

She laid the child gently upon its bed and turned blindly away. Better dead—dead—dead. The words beat in upon her brain, harsh, like the clang of the temple gong at time of sacrifice. She tottered to the door.

"Ah, my Maia, it is thou? I have had thee in my heart all the day, little neighbor. How fares it with the little one?"

Maia looked up vacantly, her dry lips moving soundlessly.

"She is no better, then?" continued the soft, caressing voice. "Sit down for a while here in the shade and taste this posset of goat's milk; there is for the child also a plenty—and so cooling and good, ah, thou canst never guess till thou hast tasted."

Maia turned away with a deep sob of utter misery. How weak was human sympathy.

The newcomer raised her brows with a look of mingled pity and perplexity, then she laid her small, brown hand softly on the bowed shoulder. "Asclepia has been here!" she said suddenly. "I saw her pass, muttering and scowling like the cruel witch that she is. I could beat that woman! Yes; it is true that I believe her a meddlesome, wicked, greedy, lying—ah, I cannot say how I hate her! What now if she casts an evil eye on our little ones that she may coax our coins into her hungry pouch?"

Maia lifted her face from her hands; it was white and drawn. "Asclepia told me," she whispered hoarsely, "that my child, my Halie, hath—a—devil."

Eirene grew pale; she drew away from the half-open door with an involuntary shudder. "But it is not true," she began slowly; "I cannot believe ——"

Maia sprang to her feet. "Go!" she cried, her eyes blazing; "thou art afraid—afraid! Afraid of my baby—my little, innocent lamb! Thou wouldst turn her naked into the night and the cold to wander and wail among the cruel stones. But I shall kill her—dost thou hear? I shall hold her little throat with these two hands till the tortured breath flies away to its rest!"

Eirene's large, mild eyes grew dark with horror. "Thou art mad with grief!" she said loudly. "Listen! There is a Jew yonder whom the devils obey! Yes, it is true; my husband heard it in the market-place!" Maia was staring dully at the ground; she seemed not to have heard.

Eirene seized her by the arm. "The Jew hath already healed multitudes of blind, fever-stricken, lepers, palsied; yes, it is true! I came to tell thee. Devils flee away at His word. Go to Him. I—yes, I—will remain with the child."

"Where?"

"Yonder in the village of Creusa. Follow the highway; ask for the Healer—but no, I cannot remember the man's name. No matter; go quickly—go! Delay not!"

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For once in its long, drowsy history the tiny village of Creusa was in a ferment of excitement. Travelers on foot and on horseback from every part of Galilee, from Phœnicia, and even from the remote Syrian borders, thronged its narrow streets, chattering, gesticulating, questioning.

The amazed inhabitants, squatted in the doorways of their earthen huts, or digging stolidly amid their little patches of vineyard, realized at length that something beyond the common had happened.

There were indolent rumors afloat among them. It was said that the strangers—Jews, plainly enough—who had entered their village after nightfall two days ago were none other than the Nazarene Prophet and His followers.

The wiseacres shook their heads dubiously; the man was ill-spoken of in high places; He had doubtless fled to the North from justice. He was a dangerous man; a disturber of peaceful customs; in league, it was affirmed, with dark, awful powers of earth and sky; capable, if offended, of causing fires, earthquakes, famines, plagues. He could also heal, if so minded, divers incurable ailments—in itself a suspicious circumstance; hence this mad multitude, this tumult of strange voices, of loud, wailing cries, of insistent questionings.

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"The Healer is yonder, in the house of the Jew, Ben Hazar," quoth Abas, the water-carrier, stolidly. He had answered the question more than a thousand times since dawn. He did not look at his questioner; he was thinking that it would be a good thing if the Prophet should remain in Creusa, his leathern pouch being for once pleasantly heavy with coin. "A vineyard," he began aloud, jingling his gains gleefully, "and a score of——. A plague on thee, woman! Did I not say in the house of Ben Hazar? Canst thou speak with the Jew? How can I tell thee! Ask the man yonder by the fountain—the one with the striped coat and the long beard; he is one of them."

It was truly a grievous thing for a Jew to mix familiarly with a Gentile rabble; the touch of the unwashed hand, of garments defiled with idolatry, nay, the very breath of the ungodly, laden perchance with foul blasphemies against the elect of Jehovah—ah, it was loathly, horrible!

The young Prophet of Galilee, it is true, had thus far seemed strangely indifferent to the stringent fulminations of the rabbis; on more than one occasion he had actually supped with publicans and sinners; he talked freely with foreigners and idolaters—too freely for His good, decided certain of His disciples.

Was it not because of such utter indifference to law and custom that they were now forced to retire to this obscure mountain village? It was their manifest duty to set their faces like a flint against the strenuous tide of the ungodly, which already threatened to sweep them away to a swift and certain destruction.

"If this man be the Messiah," they whispered one to another, "He is the Messiah not of the Gentiles, but of Israel."

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So it was that when Maia, trembling, wild-eyed, imploring, ventured to pluck the sleeve of one of these wise and prudent followers of the Nazarene, crying out that her child was dying, devil-possessed and tormented, she met with an answer short, sharp, decisive. "The anointed son of David hath neither mercy nor favor for such as thou, daughter of the accursed. Get thee hence!"

But Maia set her white teeth hard. "I will take my answer from none save the Healer," she said. "My child—oh, my child!"

After a little, the observing crowd divided before her, staring curiously at her wild eyes and streaming hair. "Let be," they whispered; "perchance the man will come forth to her when He hears."

The disciples of the Nazarene came presently to the house where lodged their Master, the woman still following, wailing piteously from out the depths of her anguish and despair.

"Hold thy peace, idolater," cried one of them, turning upon her fiercely; "wouldst thrust thyself unbidden into His very presence, like the accursed dog that thou art?"

But she caught the man by the garment. "For the love of the gods, kind sir!" she cried, "for the sake of her that bore thee in anguish, mercy, mercy for my child—my little child!"

And with that, being quite beside herself with misery, she pushed by him into the house. Then at last she knew that she had found Him. Nay, more; she knew that she had found healing, comfort, love unfathomable, rest. She fell at His feet, her dim, asking eyes fastened upon His face.

"Oh, Lord—thou son of David," she faltered, "my child is sorely tormented—tormented."

His quiet eyes rested full upon the piteous figure, but He answered her never a word.

"Dog!" muttered Judas beneath his breath, and he thrust his scowling face betwixt the two. "Send her away, Lord; she crieth after us."

"Lord, help me!" wailed the pleading voice of the mother.

Then He spoke very quietly, His eyes, burning with a strange and awful light, fixed not upon the kneeling woman at His feet, but upon the grim, self-righteous faces of the men beside her. "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to—dogs."

He had but spoken their inmost thought, yet they trembled at His tone and look.

But Maia smiled; she remembered with a great throb of joy that "the little house-dogs" were not the starving, masterless curs of the streets. "Truth, Lord," she said, her voice ringing glad and sweet in the ears of the abashed disciples. "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table!"

Then Jesus answered her. "Oh, woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

That night a little child slept peacefully, rosy, dimpled, flower-smooth to the touch of the passionate, trembling fingers of the woman who knelt beside the bed.

"My child, oh, my child!" she whispered; "He hath given me the children's bread."

"THE VINEYARD."
HE BEGAN GLEEFULLY

Dolly Meeting Her Dolly

MY NAME is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles away upon the Western prairie. About ten years ago I went from home to sell my cattle. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for my youngest—Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own—only rag babies.

Dolly could talk of absolutely nothing else, and when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut, and had it wrapped up in a paper and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home.

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Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch. When the storm that had been brewing broke I was five or six miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was as dark as pitch.

Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me, and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very, but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, but once more I heard the cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I found the little dripping thing that sobbed as I took it in my arms. I mounted and tucked the little soaked child under my coat, promising to take it home to mamma. Pretty soon it cried itself to sleep on my bosom.

It was an hour later when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got in the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood still, with a dread fear of heart, five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them, weeping and moaning bitterly.

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When she saw me she hid her face.

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"Nothing now, I hope—what's that you have under your coat?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my Dolly.

She wandered out to meet papa and the doll while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them. That's Dolly, yonder with her mother in the meadow; a girl worth saving—I think (but I'm her father, and partial about her, maybe) the prettiest thing, in the girl line, this side of the Mississippi.
—San Francisco Call.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

is perhaps best known as the author of Titus. Mrs. Kingsley never thought of attempting literary work until a friend suggested that she compete for a prize of $1000 offered for a story of Christ. She says: "My subconsciousness must have been pleased with the idea of authorship, for lo, and behold, the story of Titus almost in its entirety flashed into my mind in the early dawn of a summer morning. I at once made up my mind to write it. That very day, in a state of what I have since concluded was truly a blissful ignorance of style, methods, critics, publishers and public, I went to work."

It took but seven weeks to finish the story. Since that time it has been translated into French, German, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian, Portuguese and Japanese. Mrs. Kingsley is now working on a historical romance founded on the fall of Jerusalem.

THE CAPTAIN'S LAST LOVE AFFAIR

BY MICHAEL CORDAY

WITH A DRAWING BY HARRISON FISHER

AT NINE o'clock sharp Captain Chéreau left the Cercle and went home to bed. Twenty years of bachelor life had made of him the slave of a number of tyrannical habits which kept him in fetters as strong as iron, and would not permit him to follow the slightest independent impulse.

Every night, after undressing methodically, he would hang his dolman over the back of a chair, lay his trousers lengthwise on the sofa, folding them carefully in the creases, and wind his watch, and drink a glass of water. Then one good blow of the fist—just one—upon the feather pillow, and he would crawl into bed and extinguish the candle flame between thumb and forefinger, after having moistened them for their protection. This was his invariable method of procedure, performed almost mechanically for twenty years past!

The Captain closed his eyes and thought about the events of the day. He had lost at dominoes and had had to pay for the coffee for two, and that had angered him just a little. Then he sighed, turned over, and fell quickly asleep. Just how long he had been sleeping he could not tell, but for some reason he awoke. He lay still for a moment trying to find a reason for the unusual occurrence.

Everything was as he had left it when he retired. It was not raining outside, so he determined that it was mere restlessness, and soon fell into a doze.

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Suddenly there was a queer noise in the next room—a baby was crying. As if bothered by an oppressive dream, the sleeping Captain tossed about restlessly, muttering under his breath something that sounded like: "Horrid little imp!"

But the screaming of the child became worse and more penetrating as the time wore on, until the room seemed fairly filled with it. Then the Captain found himself wide-awake, and he gave vent to his feelings in a single strong word. For a year he had not had a whole night's rest!

His neighbors were a young couple, a simple Lieutenant and his wife. Since the time of the arrival of a baby next door the crabbed old bachelor had had to suffer its moaning, then its crying, and now it was old enough to shriek lustily.

Instead of mending, matters had, indeed, become still worse since the baby's father, this "simple Lieutenant," with his sharp voice and his stupid baby-talk, had tried to take a hand in the quieting of the child. His "Where is baby's hair?" and "Does baby love papa?" which he would repeat ten or twenty times, until the little tot would point to its head or stroke its papa's cheeks!—oh, how trying it was!

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But never before had the crying of the child been so piercing as it was this night. It was a succession of screams of fright; the shrieks of a child left alone at night, crying until the little throat was raw, until it lacked breath to utter another sound. Alarmed and angry at the same time, the Captain jumped out of bed, exclaiming: "Well, well, what's the matter now?"

Ordinarily, the sharp voice of the Lieutenant or a lullaby from the mother quickly soothed the troubles of the little tot. This time, however, the tears remained undried. The old bachelor quickly put on his uniform and went into the hall. The door of the adjoining apartment had by some accident been left ajar; a lamp was burning brightly on the table in the anteroom. He took it and entered the sleeping-room. Next to the large bed stood a cradle, the curtains of which the Captain threw back. There lay the little tot in a jumble of cushions, beating the air with her little hands and feet. Her face had become a dark red from the exertion of yelling and kicking.

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What? The baby all alone? Quickly the Captain looked through the apartment, stepping into the dining-room, the elegantly furnished parlor, the girl's room, the kitchen. Not a soul was there! Even the nurse-girl, that useless piece of household furniture, was nowhere about.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed. "So, while the Lieutenant and his wife spend the evening at an entertainment, the nurse-girl runs out to flirt with her beau! Humph!"

Quickly he returned to the cradle, put away the lamp, and lifted up the little baby, a tiny girl. But she struggled so hard with her legs, and made such violent movements with her little body, that the Captain was afraid he might drop her. Quickly he sat on a chair and placed her upon his knees. But she still kept on crying. To quiet her down, the Captain got up, held her before him with outstretched arms, and began to dance some step which he invented on the spur of the moment. It resembled the trot of a horse more than any known dance.

To complete the effect he sang, keeping time with his fancy step: "Houpla, houpla! tolderolloll!" over and over again.

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His efforts to quiet the baby were almost crowned with success; she sobbed a little less, the tears became scarcer and scarcer—the last drops from an empty vessel!

Suddenly she lay quite still; her eyes, her expression, her outstretched arms plainly conveyed a desire for something. The Captain turned his eyes in the direction of the object coveted by the little girl; she wanted his cross of the Legion of Honor. For the moment, the red ribbon and the enameled trinket seemed to her, as to many other babies, the most desirable object in the world. The old bachelor allowed the awkward little fingers, which were so slim and fine and straight, to take his cross. The little one at once quieted down and began to smile sweetly at him.

Captain Chéreau felt proud—proud as a hero after a hard-fought battle, crowned with victory. Never had the smile of a woman been so welcome to him; never had he been so happy, so joyful as at that moment! He walked about, and now he succeeded better in holding the little girl in her long nightgown.

The rough old Captain looked down upon her with the eyes of the explorer who discovers a new, a blessed country. The little round cheeks, with the dried tears still visible upon them; the little, half-opened mouth, made him feel curiously soft-hearted. With exuberant enthusiasm he drew up the little head to his own bearded face.

"Do you love me?"

But the red ribbon of the cross was a far greater attraction for baby than the Captain's big mustache. Then he hit upon the idea of disguising his voice and imitating the "simple Lieutenant," and asked coaxingly: "Does baby love papa?"

He had to repeat this question at least twenty times. If there had been on the other side of the wall a certain Captain about forty-five years of age, how angry he would have been to have heard that!

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But this very Captain just then permitted a rather young lady to kiss him, and the oddest thing about it was that the two fresh, moist lips that touched his cheeks made his eyes grow dim with tears and refreshed his kind and loving old heart.

A nearby clock struck midnight. Nobody came home, neither the nurse nor the young couple. The little one was tired enough to drop, but Captain Chéreau was a novice in the art of putting babies to sleep. He remembered, however, that the baby's mother had always hummed a melody. That he might try also. But alas! he only knew military marches. Well, he would try a march on the baby. Pacing up and down the room with long steps, he rocked the little girl, who had long ago succeeded in loosening the ribbon from his coat, and was now busy trying to chew the cross, and softly hummed a soldier's song.

"When a dapper young hussar
Meets a pretty country lass,
Then he—hm hm hm hm hm——"

But the sweet little burden upon his arm did not care to go to sleep just then; she mumbled inarticulate sounds, laughed and looked at him with her big, blue eyes. Then Captain Chéreau thought that the rythm of his song must have been too lively; he started up another, a very slow, monotonous, almost endless couplet, all about "the boy that went away and would come back on the morrow."

He sang so convincingly well and developed such zeal that the little girl actually went to sleep. The Captain was so afraid that she might wake up if he tried to put her back into her little nest of lace and feathers, that he sat down carefully in an armchair and remained there without stirring.

The room had become still again; only the clock on the wall ticked with every swing of the pendulum. The Captain looked intently at the child; sleep seemed to have overcome her in the midst of some motion; one of her dimpled fists lay on his breast, the other still clasped the cross of the Legion of Honor. Peace rested upon the pure, closed eyelids, upon the curls over that moist forehead, upon the tender cheeks, upon the half-opened lips, from which a deep breath issued at regular intervals.

The warmth of that little body permeated his, and rose in him as a wave of intoxication. Does that joy really exist, then, he asked himself, which fills all those who are near to a child? And that warm tenderness issuing from a child's heart is not an empty delusion either.

Oh! what a difference between the empty, superficial life he led and the ever-anxious, solicitous love inspired by such a sweet little creature whom one could love from first to last, from birth to death!

The noise of the clock suddenly seemed to fill the room, and Captain Chéreau felt that he was an old man; he felt it plainly, just as one notices the hairs getting white.

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"How short is life after all!" he sighed. And he regretted his lost years, his wasted years, his selfish life, of which there would remain nothing—nothing at all. There would be no one to mourn him, even.

A great discouragement came over him, and went from his heart to his eyes.

There were steps in the anteroom; the young couple had come home at last—she wrapped in furs, he with the collar of his coat turned up. On the threshold of the room they halted, thunderstruck; next to the table in the big armchair sat their neighbor the Captain, holding in his arms their child, fast asleep, and still holding the Captain's cross of the Legion of Honor in her tightly closed fist.

They were about to cry out at the unusual scene: "Oh, Captain——!"

But Captain Chéreau lifted up his head, and, showing his face flooded with tears, he whispered softly to them, placing his forefinger upon his grizzled mustache:

"Hush! She's asleep."

STILL HOLDING THE CAPTAIN'S CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR IN HER TIGHTLY CLOSED FIST

* * *

How a Dog Saved a Republic

THE Hon. Charles Francis Adams writes the Boston Herald as follows: "Most persons have heard of the great William of Orange, called 'The Silent.' If the dog enemies will turn to Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic (vol. ii, page 398), they'll find this little incident related: On the night of September 12, 1572, a body of Alva's Spanish troops surprised Dutch William's camp. And 'for two long hours the Spaniards butchered their foes.' Then Motley goes on to describe what happened:

"'The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in a profound sleep, but a small spaniel, which always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel.

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"'The little creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape before his enemies sprang into the tent.

"'His servants were cut down, and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, also lost their lives; and but for a little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the Prince ever afterward kept a spaniel of the same race in his bedchamber.' And in the church at Delft may be seen, to this day, at the foot of the recumbent statue of the great Hollander, a figure in stone of that 'little spaniel.'"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Captain's Last Love Affair, was translated for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, from the French of Michael Corday, by Paul Richard Freisinger.

The CONSPIRACY at BELHAVEN

A Cavalier in Spite of Himself.

by Ellen Olney Kirk

In two parts. Part First....

With Drawings by Charlotte Harding

MAMMA quoted Aunt Mary, who had hazarded the assertion that the whole world did not contain the like of her daughter Amy's tutor. Of course, the real truth was that papa, mamma and Jeanne were about to start on a tour round the world; and wanting a decent excuse to get rid of Archie and myself, Aunt Mary's proposal that we should halve the expense of Amy's tutor, who was a very high-priced article, was accordingly jumped at without a moment's delay.

We did not take kindly to the idea of going to Belhaven to be put through a course of assiduous study, and our first appearance on that stage may as well be passed over hastily as not.

But on the second morning I awoke with a feeling of reaction. A flickering golden chainwork of reflection on the ceiling caught my eye. I jumped out of bed, opened the shutters, and saw the level stretch of the blue Sound, played on by joyous little uniform ripples, each glittering in the sunlight. I ran to the opposite window. That was a different world altogether—a sapphire sky bending over an earth dressed for her bridal in white and pink blossoms. Birds were singing, calling, darting, wheeling. Then I heard a still more familiar note—Archie's own peculiar whistle.

"Archie, wait for me!" I cried.

Ten minutes later I, too, had found my way out-of-doors. Archie had waited.

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Although he was more than thirteen (just eleven months older than myself), he generally obeyed my behests. I was as tall as he, for Archie was of papa's low, broad, Dutch build. I had a keen, ugly little visage, with glittering dark eyes, and was all angles, while Archie was all curves, especially his nice, good-humored, freckled face.

"I say, B" (short for Beatrix), he called as I approached—at his old trick of taking things blithely—"it ain't so bad, after all."

My own perception that this hated Belhaven might, after all, possess some good points, had already given me a shock, but I didn't confess it.

The house stood at the edge of a promontory; on the east was Long Island Sound; on the north, the harbor—that is, a long creek with a little river flowing into it; on the south and west stretched ample grounds, and as we stood together there the general radiance and shimmer, and the feeling of earth and water being caught up into the sky, was something that my soul took in and made its very own.

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In a week we began to experience an irresistible consciousness that in coming to Belhaven we had fallen on our feet. A curious blindness, indifference, absence of authority over us on the part of our seniors at first surprised us. Uncle John and Aunt Mary, after a few inquiries as to our well-being, promptly washed their hands of us and gave us over to the tutor. They were, indeed, semi-invalids, and their health was their excuse. Both were victims of nervous prostration, and both were undergoing such complicated systems of treatment that it was small wonder that they had no time left to give to us.

It seemed to us rather odd that, with the same complaint, each should have a different doctor and be treated on a different theory. But so it was. Aunt Mary was under Doctor Roth, whose idea it was to support, nourish and stimulate Nature at every point. She had a trained nurse, and was fed by schedule. At five o'clock in the morning, when vitality is at its lowest ebb, she took half a pint of hot milk; at 7:30 coffee and rolls; at 9:30, sitting up in bed, she ate a chop and a bit of succulent vegetable; at 11:30 she drank a milk punch to keep up her strength while she dressed; at 2 she dined simply but substantially with us; then before her drive she had afternoon tea and biscuits, and was back in time for a hearty supper at 8.

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Uncle John was taking Doctor Emory's cure, which was simply a renunciation of artificial diet and a return to Nature. He ate an orange or two on rising, and for the rest of the day supported his strength upon nuts, nuts being, according to Doctor Emory, the most highly nutritious and easily digested form of food. The invalids compared systems, and each tried to impress upon the other the superior efficacy of his or her own régime.

Uncle John had a beautiful, tired face; his manner was soft and caressing; his voice wonderfully sweet. We were ready to love him very much, but he got away from us as soon as he could. Everything that disturbed Aunt Mary sent currents of irritation up and down her spine, the Doctor said. She ran the house, and her will was actually the pivot on which everything turned, but her nerves would not let her endure even her daughter's society. Amy was like Aunt Mary—plump, pretty, always beautifully dressed, but also a little sharp and fault-finding. She considered herself quite grown-up, being sixteen years old, and only condescended to our society when she could find nothing better.

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It was, as I have said, to the tutor, Miss Rose Gerard, B. A. and M. A., to whose mercies we were handed over.

"I hope," Miss Gerard said, addressing us in her easy, alert way, "that you are rational beings," at the same time looking at me as if she saw through every chink and cranny into the mechanism of the machine. "I shall begin by treating you as if you were rational beings," she went on with a nod.

Of course, we were not rational beings. Hitherto we had always been treated as if we were absolutely irrational—something willful, freakish, perverse, having been expected to lie ambushed behind our simplest action. But here at Belhaven such ample margin was allowed to the queerest antics, Archie and I magnanimously decided to telescope ourselves into conformity with Miss Gerard's expectations of us, until, at any rate, we felt uncomfortably cramped thereby.

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We had not expected to like Miss Gerard. We had not intended to like her, but somehow she gave us pause; she stirred in us an insatiable curiosity. Why did she call herself a tutor instead of a governess? Why was she bachelor and master of arts instead of being maid and mistress? She had been through college and had taken these two degrees, and was now tutoring while she took time to study for a third. What was a doctor of philosophy, anyhow? These were the problems which conveniently cropped up whenever Archie and I were at a loss for subjects of conversation.

Miss Gerard was not bad to look at. Indeed, there was something nice about the way her brown hair grew away from her forehead and temples; she seemed always to be in a breeze. There could be plenty of fire in her eyes, even if they were sometimes dreamy. Her finely-cut lips were well under control, but not the little dimple in her left cheek; that often played of itself. When she came into the room everything seemed to begin; there was a seriousness of intention in her every look and tone and movement.

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Miss Gerard's duties commenced by her talking to us three mornings a week on "current events," three on literature, and one on Bible history. Then on week-days she took each of us in turn for two hours; that brought us up to dinner. After dinner she read to us or heard us read to her for an hour. That ended her tutoring. In the evening she played Bach, Beethoven and Schumann to Uncle John, or took a game of chess with Aunt Mary.

Aunt Mary's mental starting-point was the clear dogma that the redemption of her sex lay in the higher education of women. Amy had not shown any signs of special learning, and it was on this account that Miss Gerard had been secured, at the highest figure, that she might pass on the torch and kindle the sacred fire in the soul of the only daughter of Uncle John's house and heart.

"I HOPE," MISS GERARD SAID, "THAT YOU ARE RATIONAL BEINGS"

C. Harding '98

"Mamma wishes me to become like Miss Gerard in every particular, but I can't even do up my hair as she does," said Amy, in whom the perfection of the tutor inspired an equal delight and despair.

"She says I am ante-bellum."

We knew the phrase. "Ante-bellum" was Miss Gerard's characterization of all sentimental, flabby habits of thought. She was trying not only to instill some precise knowledge of facts and systems into Amy, but also to combat in her a certain romantic tendency—to brace her up mentally, just as a cold bath and plenty of fresh air braces one physically and makes them stronger.

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"She says," continued Amy, "that youngladyism is obsolete. She wants me to be content to be a child until I am a woman."

I liked this particularly; I had never wished to be a young lady.

"She says," Amy went on, the note of grievance growing in her voice, "that girls used to think of falling in love, of being married, but that that is an effete, namby-pamby state of mind. Marriage, she says, is still on trial; but the feeling is becoming more and more general that it is a failure. The future woman is likely to look forward to something quite different."

"What's that?" demanded Archie, with a sharpness of intonation that surprised me.

"She will give her heart and soul and mind and strength to social problems," explained Amy with indignation. "She says the true modern girl doesn't think about husbands at all." Amy flushed as she spoke; tears almost started to her eyes. "It makes me hate being modern," she went on with some heat; "I almost wish I had been born fifty years ago."

I couldn't go so far: I much preferred to be only twelve, with the most circumscribed future, to being sixty-two, with the most romantic past. The odd circumstance was that Amy's complaint had roused an echo in Archie's mind.

"I always thought," he presently confided to me, "that when I grew up I should be married myself, but if all the girls are giving up that sort of thing——"

He looked as if he felt the loss of his coveted domestic happiness very much, and a sore feeling began to grow in his mind against Miss Gerard for spoiling his prospects.

"I do just wonder," he said more than once, when the subject cropped up in his mind, "if Miss Gerard really knows what she's talking about—whether any man ever asked her to marry him."

I argued that of course she had refused "heaps and heaps," but Archie doubted it. We discussed the subject endlessly, and out of it grew—our indiscretion.

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Second Chapter

UNCLE JOHN'S younger half-brother, Owen North, was expected to come, as he came every summer, to spend his vacation at Belhaven; and one afternoon late in July, when Archie and I saw a tallish blond man alighting from the depot-wagon, we ran out to have a good look at him.

He stopped short and stared hard at both of us.

"What are these creatures?" he inquired of Uncle John, who was on the steps, as if we might be some particular variety of monkey.

Uncle John laughed.

"We've set up an educational institution," he said. "That isn't the worst of it," and he whispered something into his brother's ear which we couldn't make out.

"Why didn't you tell me?" cried the newcomer aghast.

"I was afraid you might not come if I told you what we were given over to, and I'm pining for some rational society."

"How are you, old fellow, anyhow?" said Uncle Owen (for so we at once began to call him).

Uncle John pulled a handful of English walnuts out of his pocket.

"Oh, I'm better," said he; "I'm improving all the time. Since I've taken up this simple, natural diet, this return to the food of primitive man—have one?—I'm a different creature entirely."

"No, thanks," said Uncle Owen, declining the proffered delicacy. "Nuts poison me—but if they suit you, all right. I confess my notion of primitive man was that he ate raw meat, gorging himself like a regular boa-constrictor."

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Uncle John had introduced his hobby perhaps with a view of converting Uncle Owen; the subject of diet once introduced, it was met by Aunt Mary, who at once initiated her brother-in-law into her own system of treatment, and the conversation all through the evening meal ran in this wise:

"But just ask him, Owen, if he is any stronger for going without proper food—for leaving the vital functions without nutrition."

"Just ask her, Owen, whether she isn't being nourished to death."

Uncle Owen listened or did not listen, without seeming to be very deeply interested. He was a quiet, ascetic-looking man, very blonde, as I have said, wearing his hair clipped close, and no beard or mustache, and his face was usually as expressionless as he knew how to make it. When it did show feeling it was in the way of a knitting of the brows and compression of the lips which did not make one suspect him of too much amiability. I knew from Amy that he was a literary man—reader for a publishing house, and assistant editor of a critical journal, in which he "did" for certain books.

He never had been lucky, and, perhaps, bore lucky people a grudge. When Uncle John and Aunt Mary apologized for the engrossing nature of their own pursuits, Uncle Owen replied that they needn't spend a moment's thought on him; he had almost finished a novel which some one was fool enough to want to print, and he needed to bone down to hard work. The tower of the house was, we knew, reserved for him. He liked the very top, under the flag-staff, for his study, and his bedroom was beneath. Altogether, we recognized him as a misanthrope.

In spite of Uncle John's and Aunt Mary's explanations, when he entered the dining-room next morning and found us three breakfasting with Miss Gerard, he looked startled.

"Where are your father and mother?" he inquired of Amy with a frown.

"Mamma never gets up till noon, and papa lives on fruits and nuts," said Amy.

"Where does he generally eat them—up in a tree?" he asked in a dry, sarcastic tone.

HE OPENED THE NEWSPAPER WITHOUT A GLANCE TOWARD US

"Oh, I daresay. He carries his pockets full. He may be ten miles away by this time," Amy answered nonchalantly.

Uncle Owen looked very restless, and as if he might prefer to be ten miles away. He took his chair with a very ill grace.

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Miss Gerard looked at him and said:

"My instructions, Mr. North, are that I shall talk to the children on certain topics at breakfast. I really have no discretion, but this morning perhaps ——"

"Pray go on," said Uncle Owen. "I am going to spend a month here, Miss Gerard, and suppose we make a compact: You shall do your business and I will do mine, and we will not interfere with each other."

He opened the newspaper, and drank his coffee and ate his eggs and rolls behind it, without a glance toward us. If he ignored Miss Gerard, Miss Gerard equally ignored him, and went on talking like a machine that has been wound up and runs of itself. This went on for a week, but on the eighth morning Miss Gerard, who was discoursing on the Soudan, suddenly glanced in his direction and inquired:

"Have you been in Egypt, Mr. North?"

He looked up, growing red in the face.

"Yes, I've been there," he answered.

"Will you not tell the children some interesting facts about Egypt?"

"I beg you, Miss Gerard," said Uncle Owen, with a manner expressive of intense exasperation, "to accept my word for it that I have no interesting facts about Egypt to communicate. I suppose I am the least intelligent man in the United States. When I travel I make it a special point to sleep all the time. I never see anything."

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Miss Gerard received this with the little dimple playing on her cheek and a slight lift of the eyebrows, and went on with her discourse. However, Uncle Owen had been listening; he was sure that she knew he had been listening, and after that morning he dropped the newspaper and the pretense of reading it, ate his breakfast comfortably, and kept not only his ears but eyes attentive to Miss Gerard, putting in a word now and then, only for the sake of making it clear that he differed from her on every point. He would advance the most absurd theories to rebut her views; offer any sort of paradox, making it clear even to our minds that he

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ELLEN OLNEY KIRK

was born in Southington, Connecticut, in 1852. Her father, Jesse Olney, was a Connecticut educator and legislator. While his daughter was still a child he moved to Stratford-on-the-Sound. It was here that Mrs. Kirk first learned to write, being impelled by the mere pleasure of it. She had always been surrounded by books and comfort, and only took up her pen for her own personal enjoyment.

Mrs. Kirk and her husband, John Foster Kirk, the historian, now live in Germantown. She has always written stories; she feels that fiction is her field. Mrs. Kirk does not take her characters exactly as she finds people. She believes, with the Romantic school, that idealism is a necessary part of fiction.

"Look here," said he, "why don't you come to breakfast and hear the tutor hold forth?"

"Oh, I've listened to her often enough."

Both chuckled; both began to talk at once.

"Crammed to the roof with infallible remedies for every human ill that's known."

"Finds life like a cake, but too much suet and too many plums, so makes it up anew after a refined feminine recipe, omitting every repulsive ingredient."

"Everything she touches upon seems remarkably easy."

"Simple as the rule of three—multiply your second and third terms together, divide the product by the first, and the quotient is your answer."

I was perfectly well aware that these quotations and metaphors were being flung at Miss Gerard; that she had put between herself and man's chivalrous feeling a too-vigorous personality. That was what Archie believed.

"And if they are all going to be like that," he said, when I repeated this conversation to him, "I'll never marry."

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We both listened with avidity to the constant discussions which now took place between Uncle Owen and the tutor. Nothing could have been more clear than the fact that between these two there could be no middle ground of feeling. They met, if they could be said to meet, on a barrier bristling with antagonisms. It seemed as if that subject did not exist by which they could take hold of the same handle with any degree of congeniality.

Once, for example, Uncle Owen was talking about a play, and added:

"But I detest the stage, and, except to turn a penny, should never enter a theatre."

"Do you mean," Miss Gerard inquired, "that you are a dramatic critic?"

"Something of the sort; I write the column in The Prism."

"Do you condemn all the plays you see?"

"On the contrary, Miss Gerard, I exalt them to the skies—whether good or bad."

"Do you call that being a critic? Do you call that being sincere or truthful?"

"I call it simply knowing on which side my bread is buttered."

"I should prefer to eat my bread without butter. I would not write what I did not really and honestly feel."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Miss Gerard," Uncle Owen retorted provokingly. "You do just the same thing all the time."

"I? Never!" Miss Gerard's eyes flashed. "I know that men work in that way," she went on, each word clear and incisive. "I know that they come to feel that between what is true and not true there is little or no difference; but women, I thank Heaven, are sincere in all things."

"Not a bit of it. In order to be absolutely sincere, every man or woman needs a good, fixed income, paid down quarterly."

The more excited Miss Gerard grew the cooler seemed Uncle Owen. While her voice rang out like a silver bell, there came a glimmer of a smile in his eyes.

"Suppose, for example, this imp"—Uncle Owen, pinching my ear, indicated me—"isn't well grounded in her declensions, won't learn her tables. You are perfect in your declensions, Miss Gerard; you can repeat the multiplication table from beginning to end, but you accept her limitations—you do not impose your greater knowledge upon her ignorance."

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"I can't see that that is the same thing at all," said Miss Gerard, a little bewildered; "I am Beatrix's tutor."

Whether or no Uncle Owen believed that he had met her argument nobody could tell, but he went on arguing round and round in a circle, until he finally made Miss Gerard accept his premise that it is necessary for one to do one's work whether one likes it or not.

Once Uncle Owen exclaimed:

"Oh for a woman without theory, without dogma!" and Amy hastened to ask:

"Oh, please tell me, Uncle Owen, what quality do you like best in woman?"

"MR. NORTH, I AM GOING TO ASK A FAVOR"

"Coquetry—above all things," he answered without the least sign of hesitation.

"Oh, Miss Gerard," cried Amy, "Uncle Owen likes coquetry!"

Then, turning back to him, "Miss Gerard thinks that coquetry is the one thing to get rid of. 'Eliminate coquetry,' she said yesterday, 'and women——'"

"Eliminate coquetry," Uncle Owen interrupted with heat, "and you'll make a mess of it. A woman who has no coquetry misses the subtle charm of being a woman at all. A woman without coquetry is like a dinner of boiled beef and potatoes, pickled beets and cabbage."

"I take it, Mr. North," said Miss Gerard, the little dimple playing on her cheek, "you consider that a woman's object in life is to please men."

"I know of no other."

"I will withdraw," she exclaimed.

"Oh, don't think for a moment that you do not please me, Miss Gerard," said Uncle Owen with a twinkle in his eye, "for you please me quite particularly."

It was clear to us that Miss Gerard wouldn't for the whole world condescend to please Uncle Owen in anything, for she at once left the room, with a flash of the eye and a heightened color in her cheeks.

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Next morning she said to him:

"Mr. North, I am going to ask a favor."

"A favor of me? Good heavens!"

"I am going to beg you not to be so cynical."

"Do you call me cynical?"

"You talk cynically."

"Oh, well, I'll hold my tongue."

"But, honestly, the truth," said Miss Gerard with real earnestness, "do you really consider cynicism a sincere and truthful attitude of mind?"

"A sincere and truthful attitude of mind!" Uncle Owen repeated, as if the phrase mystified him.

"I think," Miss Gerard pursued, "that cynicism takes the edge off conscience, robs the mind of earnestness, of seriousness."

"That seems to me just why it is worth cultivating," said Uncle Owen.

"You do not believe in being in earnest—in taking the meanings of life seriously?"

"I only wish I needn't find life such a serious business."

"Don't you ever think of trying to do a little good in this unhappy world?"

"No, I don't. I hate this talk about being good and doing good, this flattering consciousness of one's importance, this sleek, well-fed satisfaction with one's self," said Uncle Owen almost savagely. "I hate all the modern ideas, all the modern enterprises for meddling with what can't be reached. Don't try to make me or mend me, Miss Gerard. I'm a skeptical, scoffing critic about all you believe in, and between your ideas and my ideas of life there lies a gulf that nothing can ever bridge over."

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On how fine a needle's point was it all balanced! I was blamed at the time; and now that I am older, with a glimmering of imagination, my own conscience might accuse me, except that—but I will let the story come before the moral.

I have said that Uncle Owen had his study in the very top room of the tower, which was searched by every wind of heaven. I have also said that he was writing a novel. And when that sheet blew down to the very tree where Archie and I were sitting discussing Miss Gerard and Uncle Owen, how he hated her and how she looked down on him, why, it really seemed as if——

For Archie was so much interested in putting Miss Gerard to the test—to find out whether, with a real flesh-and-blood man in love with her, she would or she wouldn't.

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And here was the opportunity. We couldn't have done it ourselves. The cards were dealt out, and we simply played them. But when we put our finger on the button of events we hardly expected that.

After we had typewritten that letter and directed it to Miss Gerard, and had seen it lying on the hall-table, I promptly went to bed, fell asleep, and did not wake up until the maid called me next morning. Then, when she told me that Archie had gone fishing with Uncle John and Uncle Owen, that piece of news put everything else out of my mind. It was not until I was at breakfast with Amy, and saw Miss Gerard come in, that with a catch of my breath I remembered the letter.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SIGNOR DIBINI'S STAR APPEARANCE

The Understudy's First Chance

By H. W. Lucy

With Drawings by C. D. Williams

First Chapter

THE lot of Signor Dibini was cast among the great ones of the earth. His daily acquaintances were Emperors, Kings, brave men and fair women. He knew several illustrious Captains and five famous Cardinals.

They were clad in purple and fine linen, and lived sumptuously every day—or rather, every night. They sat down to banquets that pleased the eye, if they were somewhat fibrous to the taste. They drank cold tea out of beakers, called their servants valets, and performed daring actions, sometimes of personal bravery, occasionally of infinite rascaldom. Murder was a matter that happened among them six days a week. They imbibed poison to slow, weird music. They stabbed each other to the heart with a loud "Ha! ha!" They smothered their wives with the connubial pillow.

A roystering, boisterous, crafty, wealthy, impecunious, murderous, iniquitous, virtuous crew, whose life was a short and not always a merry one—a community with whom the great moral, legal or physical influences which control the ordinary human race asserted themselves with most surprising rapidity and unerring certainty.

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Jonadab Dibbins lived at the blighted end of Waterloo Bridge Road. A lean and careworn man was Jonadab, carrying a prodigious height of forehead, and having a frontal development like a bay window, generally understood in the Dibbins household to portend enormous but restrained ability.

The Dibbins household was numerous, and select to the extent that the great majority of its members were of tender years. Any one straying into the little apartment which served as breakfast-room, living-room and drawing-room might reasonably have thought he happened upon a crèche, and if he had remained throughout the day must have wondered when the children were to be called for. Nobody ever called for them of late, not even Death, who is more attentive upon households where there is more to eat and a more liberal distribution of clothing. All told, there were nine. If all had lived there would have been eleven.

Jonadab was in his thirty-fifth year, and might have been anything over that age. He was the sort of man that never grows old-looking after the fashion of ordinary mortals. He had neither whiskers nor mustache to turn gray. As for his hair, his forehead was so stupendously high, so aggressively prominent, that hair of any kind or color was quite a secondary consideration.

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There does not appear at first sight much in common between Signor Dibini, the associate of Kings, the friend of Emperors, the witness of many secret crimes, and poor Jonadab Dibbins, with his noble forehead and his nine children. And yet there was the closest possible relation, for they were one and the same person. Signor Dibini was Jonadab's professional name. He was a member of the company of the Theatre Royal, Elephant and Castle, though you might look in vain through the list of performers for his name. Signor Dibini, in fact, occupied a position in the company the existence of which is, perhaps, unknown to the light-hearted habitué of the theatre.

Signor Dibini's professional experience was a striking proof of the provision necessary for the carrying on of a great theatre. He was an understudier—that is to say, it was his business to understudy some of the principal parts, so that if, in case of sudden illness or accident, the actor to whom a part was assigned was not able to put in an appearance, Jonadab took his place. Often he understudied two or three parts in the same piece, making himself ready to step on the stage at an hour's notice.

Jonadab was an ambitious man. He felt that within him which told him that, give him the chance, there should step forth on the stage such a Hamlet as the world had not yet seen. The same remark applies, with only less degree of emphasis, to Louis XI and Richelieu. As for Hamlet, Jonadab thought that Nature had peculiarly gifted him in the matter of presence.

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It will easily be understood, when his manner of life is made known, that, quite apart from the nine ever-open mouths at home, Jonadab had much to make him careworn. When a man has the certainty that, given the chance, he will blaze before the world in the meteoric flight of genius, and when that chance, ever seeming within his grasp, as constantly eludes it, we have the conditions of life that write wrinkles on the brow, lend a stoop to the shoulder, and dull the brightness of the eye.

Jonadab was of an immensely sanguine temperament, or he never would have lived for the great occasion to which, at the time this chronicle opens, he was swiftly tending. He had at his tongue's end all of what may be called the stock parts. A glance over the prompter's books brought back to his mind all the dark sayings of Hamlet and the rotund utterances of the Prince's associates. Where the sanguine disposition came into play was when he had a new and difficult part to learn.

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This did not happen very often, as the Elephant and Castle was prosperous, and when a new piece was placed on the stage it remained there for at least a fortnight. But new pieces came, and Jonadab threw himself into the understudy with unabated vigor. He felt his time would come at last, and it behooved him to be ready for it. A false step in the street, a sudden cold, a carriage accident, and great people might be laid low. Modest merit might step forth on the stage to retire amid the plaudits of an amazed audience.

Fortune, it is written, comes to those who know how to wait. Jonadab had waited he knew not how long. Certainly for thirteen long years he had been ready and ever yearning. Fortune had passed him by, touching with capricious hand others who, Jonadab thought, had not waited so long, and who, he was sure, had not hoped so passionately. He knew stars who had been supers in country theatres. For him, alas! came no sunshine. Had it not been for the constant twenty-five shillings a week his obscure appointment brought in, he would have given up the long, stern chase. Yearly there came an additional reason why he could not well afford to dispense with twenty-five shillings a week.

So he waited on, learned his parts, and struggled with murderous thoughts as he saw Hamlet stalking down the staircase to his dressing-room, and thought how changed might be the world were he some time to leave a bucket on the stairs, over which Hamlet, tripping, might sprain his ankle, and the anxious manager would run about the recesses of the stage calling on the name of Dibbins.

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Second Chapter

ONE night in January, Jonadab strode along Waterloo Bridge Road at an unusually rapid pace. His head was erect, his shoulders squared. He whistled cheerfully as the wind, dodging down the by-streets, caught him as he passed. It was nine o'clock, and he was going home. As he reached the lower end of the road, and came among his own people, the neighbors stopped to look at him—firstly, because this was an unusual time for him to be seen in the neighborhood of home; secondly, because he was a changed man.

SPROUTS

"Dibbs has had a fortin' left him," said Mrs. Perks to Mrs. Perkins, as Jonadab passed the latter's little grocery shop.

Mrs. Perkins was glad of this, as the Dibbinses' debt was deep. Not that they did not pay ready money. But somehow or other the account was always slipping backward, and what they paid last Saturday was really on account of provisions obtained nine weeks earlier.

"My! father, what brings you home so early?" said Mrs. Dibbins, as Jonadab strode into the room and eyed her with the searching look Hamlet bestows upon the King and Queen, his mother, during the players' scene.

Mrs. Dibbins was always ready to be alarmed, and when Jonadab, instead of replying, continued to gaze at her in an abstracted manner, she concluded that the worst had happened, and immediately began to count the children.

"Mother," exclaimed Jonadab, "we have waited long, and are now to be rewarded. Fortune has condescended to look at me with half an eye, and half an eye is better than no turn of the optic. I have a part, my dear. No longer do I understudy others, though perhaps it would be too much to say that I am to have my part understudied. Still, I'm cast for an essential part, go on at the crisis, and what's more, the part has never been treated artistically. I shall develop it."

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"Is it Hamlick?" Mrs. Dibbins asked, beginning to cry—an unfailing resource in whatever mental disturbance befell her.

"No, my dear, it's not Shakespeare; it's the Corsican Brothers."

"Are you the Brothers?" said Jonadab junior, called Johnnie by his mother, and Sprouts by the youth of the neighborhood who were aware of his business engagement at a green-grocer's at the Butts.

"No, it's not the Brothers. I'm not sorry for it, as the part is 'ackneyed. I am cast for the Doctor, and I mean to make something of it. You know, mother, it often happens that what are called minor parts, when properly played, turn out the chief thing in the piece.

"There was Lord Dundreary. It was a mere accessory, that no manager would have understudied. When the piece first came out, if Sothern hadn't turned up to time it could have been cut out and the play would have been just as good. But Sothern worked it up until it became the piece itself, and that's what I mean to do with the Doctor. The piece will run for a month. If I can't do something in a month I will retire from the profession. My dear, this is an occasion that should have its libation. We will carouse. John, fetch hither from the neighboring establishment three pigs' feet. Also a pot of 'alf-and-'alf. Fly John."

Jonadab was light of heart and inclined to be merry. Mrs. Dibbins' joy was tempered by the certainty that something would go wrong at the last moment. To the children the gayety of the evening was eclipsed only by the exceedingly moderate satisfaction to be got out of the ninth part of a pig's foot divided, with whatever strict impartiality, by Johnnie. But, they had rich remainders from their parents' plates, and before they retired to rest had the satisfaction of hearing their father sing My Johnnie was a Shoemaker, which Mrs. Dibbins thought he did much better than Toole.

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But he said diffidently, from the depths of the now nearly empty pot of half-and-half, "No, he didn't."

The fact was, Toole was not in his line. If he had been, no one could say what might have happened in the way of rivalry. But Jonadab thought his style a little low. There was a style, now, which, if pressed, Jonadab might have admitted he could trifle with. But he never mentioned it, and it was only those coming upon him unexpectedly when he was learning a part, who heard him bring his voice from somewhere near the top of his head, biting his words in two and swallowing one-half with a gulp—only those who heard this, or saw his awkward walk, dragging his left leg after him, as if it were partially paralyzed—could guess who his model and rival really was.

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Third Chapter

SPROUTS, the first-born of the illimitable Dibbins family, was unquestionably the most notable of the brood. None other rose above mediocrity, except it were the baby, who had developed an astonishing talent for swallowing small articles of hardware without apparent inconvenience.

Sprouts was a youth of substance. His income, indeed, was stupendous. He had a shilling a week for lighting the fire of a somnolent neighbor; eighteenpence a week

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, Signor Dibini's Star Appearance, is taken from The Miller's Niece, a collection of short stories by H. W. Lucy. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

was the fee he received for cleaning the boots of the middle-aged gentleman, brushing his clothes, and going occasional errands; while his Saturday's work brought him in eightpence. This last does not seem much. But, as Sprouts remarks with glistening eyes, he has four full meals in the day.

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On a particular Sunday morning, early in this current year, Sprouts could hardly clean the middle-aged gentleman's boots by reason of the strong excitement that swayed him. The next day was Monday, and on that momentous night the wrongs of long years were to be atoned. His father was to appear on the stage, not by the chance of evil having befallen some one else, but in his proper character solemnly assigned to him. On going to market the previous morning, Sprouts had beheld, with swelling breast, a bill attached to the door of the Theatre Royal, Elephant and Castle. In the long list of names appeared this particular line:

"SURGEON. . . . . Signor Dibini."

Sprouts' smile on this occasion was really dangerous to look at.

"You'll split up some day, Sprouts, my lad," old Smithson said, himself not displeased to be, however remotely, connected with a gentleman whose professional name appeared in such fine, large type.

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Fourth Chapter

IT WAS not without some feeling of disappointment that Mrs. Dibbins and Sprouts had ascertained the precise character father was to fill in the Corsican Brothers. The artist himself had been reticent on the subject. But knowing they would, sooner or later, behold him in the act of performing, he felt the necessity of making a clean breast of it. As every one who has seen the Corsican Brothers will know, the Doctor, though a highly important personage, comes on only in one scene, and utters but a single sentence. This happens after the duel, when, kneeling down by the side of the wounded man, he pulls out his watch, looks at it, and raising his eyes to Heaven observes:

"He has but five minutes to live."

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This was not much. But as Jonadab said, these minor parts, as projected by the author, are frequently transformed by the genius of the performer into the front rank. What Jonadab had long discussed was the proper place on which emphasis should be laid. It was no use deferring decision on this important matter. The rehearsals had taken place. The piece was to open on the following night, and it had been agreed that this Sunday forenoon should be devoted to hearing Jonadab submit the various readings possible and taking a decision thereupon.

It was Sprouts' notion that for a private rehearsal it was eminently desirable to reproduce the real theatre as nearly as possible. So, getting together all the chairs in the house, supplemented by boxes and the bucket turned upside-down, he banked his brothers and sisters in the remoter end of the room. This, he announced, was the gallery, the resemblance being further induced by a strong perfume of oranges.

This arose from a jorum of peel-water, a drink not yet largely advertised, but highly popular in the Dibbins household, and, indeed, generally throughout the neighborhood. It resulted from the process of boiling orange-peel in water, adding a little treacle or brown sugar. The street provided a never-ending supply of orange-peel. The only difficulty was to obtain sugar.

Sprouts had brought in a bottle of ginger beer, which he proposed to open presently when the curtain was rung up, knowing that its pop would sound pleasant and familiar in his father's ears. Sprouts himself was the pit. Mrs. Dibbins and the baby, seated a little to the right, were the boxes. As it was eminently desirable that profound peace should reign during the rehearsal, the baby was provided with the kitchen poker, the smooth knob of which it made violent attempts to swallow.

When all was ready, Jonadab entered. It was a full-dress rehearsal, and by the skillful application of burnt cork Jonadab assumed a professional appearance. This was added to by the skirt of Mrs. Dibbins' black dress, loosely thrown across his throat and over his shoulder, after the manner so familiar to doctors in every-day life. As Sprouts expounded to his chum, Josiah, the difficulty with his father lay in choice of the precise word on which the emphasis should fall. As there were not many in his speech, he meant to try them all. Entering now and coming to a halt right in front of the stage, Jonadab, purporting to take a watch out of his pocket, fixed his eyes gloomily upon the occupants of the gallery. In solemn tones he remarked, "*He* has but five minutes to live."

IT WAS A FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL—
JONADAB ASSUMED A PROFESSIONAL APPEARANCE

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This was admirably done, though perfect success was marred by an untoward accident. It was Teddy, the youngest boy but three, upon whom Jonadab's eye gloomily fell. Teddy, not primarily at ease, in view of the transmogrification of his father, fascinated by his regard, took the remark personally. Since it appeared he had only five minutes to live, he decided that he would occupy the interval in howling. He was immediately joined by his younger sisters, then by a brother a little higher up, till finally the whole gallery was howling. The chorus was made complete when the baby lent its tuneful voice to the uproar.

"Take them children out," said Jonadab, throwing off his cloak. "I have no peace with them night or day. Out with you, every one of you!" And they went forth shrieking, grateful for their escape, but fearful that they should never more see Sprouts, or their mother, or "the byby."

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After this the rehearsal went on quietly and profitably. It was objected to the first reading that it singled out the dying man with unnecessary distinctness, and seemed to imply that others of the bystanders might have seven, eight or more minutes to live, whereas he had only five. A kindred objection was raised when Jonadab proposed to read, "He *has* but five minutes to live." To lay the emphasis on either "has," "but" or "to" was to waste a point. Mrs. Dibbins rather liked the reading, "He has but five *minutes* to live." But Sprouts (by whom all these criticisms were confided to Josiah, in the strictest confidence, though of course not stated in precisely the words here set down) ruled that out of the question.

It was finally arranged that Jonadab was to begin in a low, solemn voice, to slightly hesitate when he came to "five minutes," as if he were precisely calculating the time, and to lay what emphasis might be left on the word "live."

This settled, the burnt cork was washed off; then the children were readmitted, and Sprouts, after much talking, finally convinced Teddy that "father was only playing," and had no designs on his young, fresh life.

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Fifth Chapter

YOU may be sure that Mrs. Dibbins and Sprouts were early at the theatre the next night. The doors open at seven, but six o'clock was chiming from the church top when mother and son presented themselves at the gallery door with intent to get front seats. It was well they did so, for by half-past six there was quite a crowd. At seven o'clock, when the doors were opened, and they were carried in on the crest of a great wave of humanity, Mrs. Dibbins was not sure whether she should be able to wear her best dress again.

The opening part of the play was all a dream to Sprouts. He knew it was not till the last act his father came on. But before the first act was over he had forgotten him in the excitement of the play. He heard a hum of voices near. He was conscious of a faint smell of oranges. He fancied his mother spoke to him now and then. But it was all as in a dream.

With elbows resting on the edge of the gallery, his head supported between his hands, Sprouts looked down on the real men and women moving about on the stage below, his mouth wide open for the better taking in of all that passed. His blood froze within him at sight of the apparition in the Château del Franchi. He was in a whirl of delight at the bright scene in the interior of the Opera House. How he got to Fontainebleau he did not know; indeed, had only the vaguest idea as to where Fontainebleau was. But it was a place with real trees, and the ground was covered thick with snow, real snow, for he saw the men kick it about as they walked.

Then the fearful fight! the flashing swords, the deadly thrust, the fallen man! Sprouts was horror-stricken that such things should be; and as usual no policeman about. Just the same as it is in Waterloo Bridge Road. Never a policeman when he was wanted.

Sprouts' heart ceased to beat when he watched the gay, well-dressed man who had been so mean and had killed the other man, himself fall back, while the red blood gushed from the wound on his left breast and stained his white shirt. It leaped up with a great throb when he saw a familiar figure enter and walk slowly across the stage. His father was splendidly dressed; a fine black hat, a real silk cloak, and such stately tread, with just a little drawing of the left leg, as if it were paralyzed. Sprouts fancied he had seen the same gesture somewhere before in the play at another theatre. But he could not identify the recollection.

He knew it was play-acting now, for here was his father on the stage, and all this great crowd to look at him. Were they excited? Could they believe that gentleman in the black cloak and the fine hat was his father? Mrs. Dibbins was dissolved in tears. She began to cry when Jonadab appeared.

Sprouts was too well accustomed to this phenomenon to notice it. He saw the great crowd behind him, ranged tier above tier, every man and woman with eyes fixed steadfastly on the stage—upon the stately figure in the black cloak, Sprouts was absolutely certain.

Jonadab suffered himself to be led up to the place where the wounded man lay. He knelt on one knee, took the limp wrist between his fingers, and producing a watch—a real watch provided by the property-man—looked straight up to the gallery, fixing his eyes precisely on Sprouts, as on the previous day he had paralyzed the unfortunate Teddy.

But now it seemed it was his own turn to be paralyzed. A fearful silence fell upon the stage and pervaded the house. There knelt Jonadab with the dying man's wrist between his fingers. The rest of the players stood grouped round, the next man who was to speak waiting for the cue Jonadab's exclamation was to provide.

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Here was the long-looked-for opportunity, and Jonadab was dumb! Sprouts noticed, with growing terror, that the muscles of his father's face were working convulsively. His lips moved as if trying to form words, but none came. Then the truth flashed upon Sprouts. His father, in the deadly excitement of the moment, had forgotten his speech. The memory that had served him through the longest screeds in Hamlet now failed him.

Tags of innumerable speeches crowded upon the unhappy man's memory. He felt he must say something, and the words that seemed to form themselves upon his lips and free his articulation opened Hamlet's soliloquy on death.

"To be, or not to be," he began, when a shrill voice coming from the gallery startled the audience.

"He has but five minutes to live."

It was Sprouts! How he came to utter the words he knows no more than his father can explain how they froze in his own recollection. However it be, Sprouts saved his father. The spell was broken. Jonadab's tongue was loosed. In solemn accents that filled the house and rolled through the dim recesses of the roof, calling forth a distinct round of applause, he said, as he let the dying man's hand fall:

"He has but five minutes to live."

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The play was an immense success, and when the newspapers appeared the next morning it was found that the critics felt constrained to spare a few words of recognition of the strikingly original manner in which Signor Dibini had played the comparatively small part of the Doctor.

> "Signor Dibini" (Mr. Smith cherishes a copy of the Newington Butts Banner) "is, if we mistake not, new to the stage. But we venture to predict for him a distinguished future. We have frequently witnessed the performance of this legendary drama. We confess that till last night we had never noticed the relatively insignificant part of the Doctor. The stately manner of Signor Dibini's approach, the solemn pause that preceded his utterance, the thrilling tones in which he announced the approaching end of Château-Renaud, were evidences slight but conclusive of supreme genius. A child in the gallery paid a simple but striking tribute to the masterfulness of the representation by echoing with shrill voice the brief sentence of death."

The echo, Josiah testifies, went before the speech. But that is a mere detail.

"HE HAS BUT FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728
Philadelphia, October 22, 1898

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The Man of One Book

"The man of best mind is the one who is thoroughly saturated with one book, who has lived years with his Shakespeare or some other favorite author, faithful to him alone."
—Literary Moods.

IN THIS age of fads in reading, of literary martyrdom, when readers heroically sacrifice themselves on the altar of "prescribed literary courses," the question arises: Does the greater gain to the reader come from devoting much time to one book or author, or from distributing that time among many? This recasts the discussion as to the relative values of much knowledge on one subject, or less knowledge of many subjects.

The secret of success in a business life, political life, social life, or a life of scientific research lies in concentrating the efforts on some one point and in that being supreme. To obtain the best results in reading the process must be modified. The best-informed men, those of most general culture, are merely evolutionized bores.

A bore is a man with a hobby—say perhaps it is one book or author of whom he tires us constantly. Let him make still another author his hobby, and with two hobbies he is not twice as tiresome as before; he is only half as much so. As his list of hobbies increases, his intellectual field broadens, and he becomes what we call a well-read man. As a circle is made up of an infinite number of straight lines, so a really clever man is one with an infinite number of hobbies; he is as familiar with the one as with the other.

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The man of one book can concentrate a terrific fund of tediousness within his anatomical structure. Perhaps his author is Dickens; he has read no other; he delights to tell you that he has read Nicholas Nickleby through seven times, Oliver Twist thirteen, Christmas Chimes twenty-three, and so on. Every subject of discussion, from the fall of Adam to the prospects of a new war of "instruction" with Spain, reminds him of something in Dickens.

In conversation you involuntarily dodge as he hurls his quotations at you with the warning preface, "As Captain Cuttle used to say," or "As I often laugh over in Bleak House." A short acquaintance puts you in a nervous, electric, telepathic condition by which you know exactly what he will utter under any circumstances. He unconsciously thinks in precisely the same circle as his author, moving in it like a goldfish in a globe.

The greater the author—the larger the circle, yet it is and must be circumscribed. It is like driving for hours on some magnificent avenue; the mind tires of the very evenness of the beauties. He who is bound by one book views the world from a valley; the reader of many books ascends the mountain, where the whole creation seems spread before him. His views are larger, broader, freer, and—they are his own.

This larger reading does not necessitate superficial perusal and thought of the work. On the contrary, with it a merely superficial view cannot exist. It only requires trained reading. One need not read Paradise Lost through from beginning to end to know Milton. One need not eat every peach on a tree in order to be able to judge of their taste. Read as the bee, hovering over the flower, takes the sweet and leaves the bitter.

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The mind can be trained to get at the pith of a subject, the vital parts that make it, rapidly cutting off extraneous issues and accidental qualities as the needle points to the Pole under every condition. This knowledge can be classified and impressed on the mind so as to last, and every item of information can be brought to bear instantly at will.

Nature is kind to those who obey her, and the compensations of the beneficent law of habit ever lend their strong aid. The act of marshaling the mental forces upon every subject becomes almost an involuntary one. "Can you tell me the square of twelve?" whispered a friend as he stooped at the bedside of a dying mathematician, lying unconscious, speechless, and so near the door of eternity that the waning life seemed death itself. The lips moved faintly, and mechanically formed the words, "One hundred and forty-four," and then were hushed forever.

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Conforming Others to Our Ideals

IT IS characteristic of the average man to believe that, those things which he desires, others also should be glad to receive. Thus we see a woman who loves her dog decking him out with a gay ribbon, which is beautiful in her eyes, and she is shocked and surprised when Fido tears off his decoration and leaves it in the gutter. We see scholarly fathers persist in thrusting heavy books at light-headed sons.

The characteristic goes beyond ribbons and books, and enters into religions, whence the thousands of missionaries in the world, and into Governments, whence the whole scheme of managing colonies, peopled with races which are different from ourselves. Not to meddle with the former subject, let us see how England, the greatest of colony-governing nations, puts the ribbon of her authority upon the neck of the "natives" who are her subjects.

Her government of them is simply a benignant despotism. She gives them what she, in her wisdom, thinks is good for them. She appoints to office the few bright examples of natives who have become Anglicized, but the body of the people will not become Anglicized, and they have no voice whatever in the government given them. Yet it is a very good government, and the Western world always expresses astonishment when the unappreciative natives make sporadic efforts to throw it off.

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Many years ago, Lord Ripon, as Viceroy of India, placed the ballot in the hands of certain of the natives for limited purposes of local self-government. They looked with supreme indifference upon this ingenious piece of the machinery of civilization. They did not want it, nor have they yet been induced to use it or understand it.

The prejudice of race against race is certainly a very strong one; and it is doubly so when the difference in race is also a difference in color. We of all people ought to know this, for the negro question is always with us, and we have not yet succeeded in making our red men anything but sullen and dependent enemies.

The people of the Orient who are not white regard our race with a corresponding antipathy. When Li Hung Chang and Count Ito held their memorable conference at Shimenosiki and negotiated the treaty of peace between China and Japan, the Chinese statesman said in the first conversation: "The policy which should rule the Asiatic continent is that we should establish an enduring peace in order to prevent the yellow race of Asia from succumbing to the white race of Europe," and Count Ito acquiesced.

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We wonder whether the Filipinos do not share this feeling. They have suffered the cruelest kind of subjection from a white race of Europe for centuries. But is it their wish to exchange their Spanish masters for American masters—to have a good despot, perhaps, but still an alien one? Perhaps they dream of a native Government. Doubtless that would be a bad despotism, but, if they have any feeling of patriotism, it is probably a feeling in favor of their race.

If we take these islands to ourselves we shall have all these things to consider, and we shall have people to govern who, perchance, will not desire the things which we desire, and we shall have all the governing to do ourselves, until they become Americanized, and that they may never be.

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The Glamour of the World's Soldiers

NOT since the return of our troops from the Civil War, thirty-three years ago, has the halo of militarism shone so brightly in America. The soldier is the hero of the day. His welcome home has been so sincere, so spontaneous, that the fever-stricken camp, the terrors of jungle warfare, the weary days and nights of exposure are forgotten. Brass buttons, chevrons and epaulets command the respect and admiration of the public.

This is but a taste of the state of affairs which exists all over Europe. But abroad the worship of the priest of Mars, the god of war, is not temporary, nor the result of great achievements, of victories won. It is the result of habit.

England just had a glorious exhibition of what her trained soldiers can do when pitted against dervishes, who know no defeat, who disregard the honor of warfare, who fear death in no shape whatever, who wreak their vengeance on the dead and the wounded. Sir Herbert Kitchener furnishes but another example of the superiority of Anglo-Saxon grit and perseverance.

But England's worship of her soldiers expresses the feeling which every European has when he sees the uniform of his country's defenders. The red jacket of the English soldier, the cockade of the French private, the corded blouse of the German guard, the high-top boot of the Russian officer—all arouse the patriotism of the European to fever heat. But the people pay dear for their bauble. To sustain the military department, to furnish glittering uniforms, to equip armies and navies, to pay the haughty officers, and their still more haughty subordinates, the common people are burdened with a heavy weight of taxes, their sons are drafted, their substance confiscated.

But the great burden of taxes is not the only injustice. The bandage is torn from the eyes of Justice herself, and she is compelled to deal partially with the soldier. Two years ago an officer in the German Army brutally murdered a common citizen without cause. The officer received the severe punishment of three years' imprisonment; but the Kaiser could not calmly look on while a soldier of his was so degraded, so the officer has just been released by Wilhelm, after serving but two years.

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In Europe the soldier is amenable to no law but the military law, which law he must obey implicitly. If it demand that he sink honor, manliness, character, there is no alternative; if it require that he forge letters he has no choice. If it consign the innocent to suffer, he cannot remonstrate. He is a mere automaton; his pleasures, his opinions, belong to the State. Army officers direct him; the common people respect him; he is blest of the gods, and woe to the citizen who does not fall down blindly before the Moloch of militarism.

America is proud of her defenders. Their slightest wish is law, be that wish reasonable. But the public will never tolerate injustice or brutality, even in a soldier. Crime is crime, be it perpetrated by the humblest citizen or by the head of the military department. Mismanagement, official tyranny, brutal treatment are not excused because the offender happens to wear a military uniform. America has formulated her laws according to the best light she has, and they apply to every citizen in this Republic.

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When Women Change Their Minds

SOMEWHERE, hurtling away through the vast blackness of the Forgotten, is a boycott that the American Woman declared against the French Milliner.

Like a meteor, it flashed across the sky of the Parisian shop-keepers. Pointing and gesticulating, they lined the boulevards, watching the fearsome thing, with its horribly fascinating Gainsborough tail, as it blazed up brighter and more portentous on the horizon. The augurs were consulted, and the news-papers offered up expiatory editorials to the angry goddess.

It was useless. She was pale, almost tearful; but she was firm, she was determined. Never, no, never again, would she be beguiled by the wiles of the French man-milliner; never, never, no, never again, should his confections grace her dainty head. Her mind was made up.

But, lo! while the shop-keeper wrung his hands and wept in a fine French frenzy, the meteor waxed dimmer, paled, became a speck in the sky, and pouf! it went out. Again was the double-eagle seen in the cafés, and joy reigned in the shops along the boulevards. The goddess was suddenly bewitching in a new Paris hat, and—well, she was no longer pale, no longer so determined.

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There is no room to carp and cavil here. The American Woman acted on precedents as old as Eve, acted within her indisputable rights—and changed her mind. Nor can her patriotism be impeached. She tried to fight against the stars in their courses, and even the American Woman cannot do that. For it is a simple and fundamental law that, in business, neither friendship nor enmity can count for long against price and quality or—fashion. And she who tries to ride fashion in a direction contrary to its inclination will find that she is mounted on a balkier animal than Balaam's. So long as more fetching bonnets are made in Paris, or—what counts for as much—bonnets which the American Woman thinks more fetching—the Frenchman will make her millinery, and, incidentally, overcharge her for it.

For the American merchant there is the satisfaction of knowing that, in the end, the business must come to him—as it is coming—naturally, and in fair and open competition, because Yankee taste and skill can beat the world on bonnets, just as Yankee brawn and brain have beaten at whatever they have tried, from building bicycles to battle-ships.

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What Citizens Owe to Their Country

THIS country has never lacked men to die for it—men who are ready without a moment's hesitation or a sign of reluctance to lay down their lives; but it has lacked for many years past men who are willing to live for it. It is a great deal easier to die for one's country than to live for it, because dying involves one supreme act of courage and that is the end of it; but living involves continual courage, self-sacrifice, patience and hard work. It is a great deal easier to lead a forlorn hope to certain death than to work in a protracted, irregular, ill-paid and badly managed enterprise which may be a man's duty, but which is nevertheless full of disillusion and weariness.

Not only have American citizens refused to pay the price of Democracy, which is the most expensive and exacting form of government known to men, but our very reformers have refused to pay the price. They will, as Mr. John J. Chapman has recently said, "lead a reform for four weeks, as a great favor, a great sacrifice, under protest, apologizing to business. They say public duties come first only in war time. They give, out of conscience and with the left hand, what remains after a feast for themselves. And these are the saints! Tell one of them that he has not set an honorable standard of living for his contemporaries unless, having his wants supplied, he makes public activity his first aim in life, and he will reply he wishes he could do so. He hopes later to devote himself to such things. He will give you a subscription. This man lives in a Democracy, but he denies its claims."

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The difficulty with the political condition in this country is neither mysterious nor obscure; it lies on the surface. It is the failure of the citizens to give the necessary time for the conduct of the business of government. A Democracy demands that every citizen shall put the interest of the State first and his own interest second. If the citizens are willing to do this, Democracy is the best form of government which men have yet tried; if they are not willing to do it, it is one of the most ineffective and disappointing. Machines, bosses and political corruption are simply and solely evidences of indifference to public duties; they exist only because of the apathy of the voting public.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd put the great defect of this country in a phrase when he said, several years ago, that the great need of this country is civic self-sacrifice—the willingness of men to make and spend less money and to have a better government. Free institutions, like all other great privileges, are very expensive. They ought to be expensive, and we ought to pay the price uncomplainingly.

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TOLD AFTER DINNER

Stories With a Humorous Turn

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Solomon in all His Glory

A DONATION party was given to a good country clergyman in part payment of his small salary, the principal result being twenty-seven bushels of beans and a large variety of second-hand clothing for his five children.

The patience of the clergyman's wife finally gave out. On the next Sunday she dressed all her five children in the donated second-hand clothing, and under her direction they marched up the aisle just as the good pastor was reading that beautiful passage, "Yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." The next donation party was of a different character.

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The Dog Began the Trouble

OLE HANSON had trouble with a bellicose dog belonging to his neighbor—a Russian by the name of Havva Drenkovitskey. The Swede shot the dog as soon as he discovered that he was not friendly to him, and the sequel found him in a Justice's court.

When Ole was propounded interrogatories by the attorney for the prosecution, he evidenced a sense of justice in framing replies that is rarely witnessed. "What sort of a gun did you have, Mr. Hanson?" inquired the attorney. "Es var two-hole shotgun." "Don't you think you could have scared him away?" "Aye might ef aye had not bane scare so lak deckens maesal." "Why didn't you take the other end of the gun and scare him away?" "Val, master lawyer, vy dedn' de dog com for mae oder end first ef hae vant to hav mae do det vay vid him vid de gun?"

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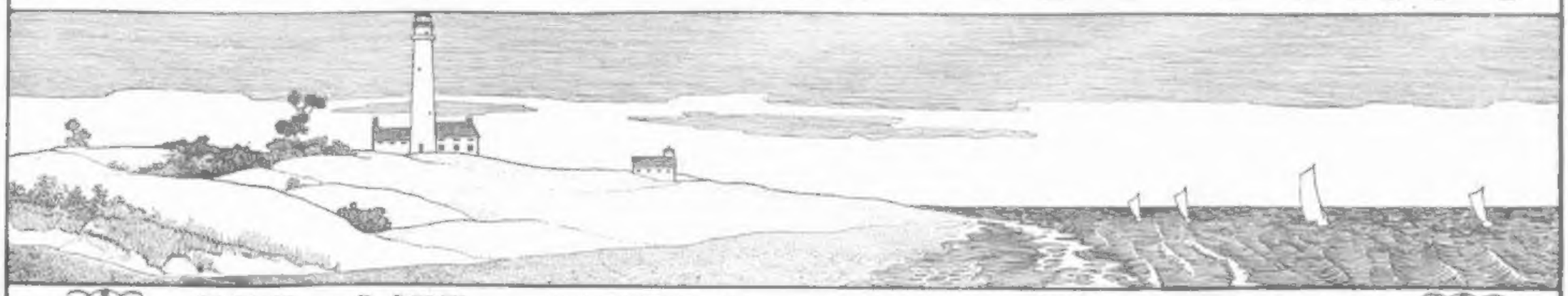
Why Jenner Wears a Guinea

SIR WILLIAM JENNER, the Queen's physician, wore at his watch chain a guinea piece which bore a pleasant little history. One day he found among his patients in his consulting room a humble carpenter. On remarking to the man that his disease had, through neglect of treatment, made great progress, he received the following reply:

"I have been waiting to see you for three years, sir." "Why, my man?" queried the physician. "Couldn't you afford to come sooner?" "Oh, yes," answered the carpenter; "but I could not get a gold guinea piece anywhere; and I heard that you'd take nothing else."

Sir William wears that guinea on his chain, but though he completely cured the patient in the course of eight months, he never took another fee from the poor fellow who had tried so hard to find that guinea, and had waited so patiently to consult him.

ROMANCE OF THE SEA COAST



THE LIFE SAVERS ALONG THE COAST

By RENÉ BACHE

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GIBBS AND T. G. MOORE

SCARCE any part of the inhabited world is more dreary and inhospitable than the narrow strip of land which runs like a barrier reef along the coast of North Carolina for more than 250 miles, forming, indeed, the whole eastern boundary of the State, though separated from the mainland by an interior belt of waters varying from three to twenty-five miles in breadth.

Albemarle Sound and Pamlico Sound are the principal bodies of water shut in by this strip, which averages hardly more than a mile in width. At intervals it is pierced by inlets, through which vessels make their way into the broad Atlantic, and toward the south it is broken up into a series of islands. At one point it forms a salient angle—a sort of V, the apex of which is Cape Hatteras.

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The whole length of the strip northward and southward of the Cape of Storms, as Hatteras has been called, is a veritable graveyard of ships, and the saying is that the vessels wrecked on it have been sufficiently numerous to form a continuous line, touching each other, from one end of it to the other. It is literally fringed with life-saving stations, established by the Government for the purpose of rescuing mariners who are cast ashore.

They are strewed along it at intervals of half-a-dozen miles, and their keepers and crews, or surfmen, are enlisted from among the fishermen of the local population. Each station has one keeper, at $900 a year, and six surfmen—seven in winter—at sixty dollars a month apiece.

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Now, the strip itself is nothing more nor less than a sand-bank, and people who live on it call themselves "bankers." Their occupation is fishing, chiefly, and the only communication between them and the mainland is made by sail-boat.

In many respects they are exceedingly primitive, and, to all intents and purposes, they constitute a race wholly different from the inhabitants of the mainland of North Carolina. Their speech has notable eccentricities.

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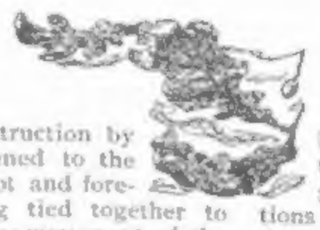
Nag's Head—a lonely spot, where the landscape is in a continual state of change, owing to the shifting of the sand-hills by the winds—gets its name from an alleged practice of the natives long ago, who are said to have lured ships to destruction by means of a lantern fastened to the head of a horse, a hindfoot and forefoot of the animal being tied together to make him limp, so that the movement of the light might imitate that of a vessel at sea.



Whether this story be true or not, it is certain that the bankers of to-day furnish most admirable material for the Life-Saving Service, which is under the management of the Treasury Department at Washington. Sailors, as a rule, are not satisfactory for such work; they lack the practical experience of men who have been trained in the art of launching and managing boats in the surf. This is the sort of training that the men of the banks have had from childhood, and the records show that in real bravery they are unsurpassed. As regards the people of the "strip" in general, they have all been civilized to a surprising extent by the establishment of the life-saving system, with employment by Uncle Sam, among them, and some of the women actually send to towns on the mainland for their hats and gowns.

The loneliness of the life on the banks is well-nigh indescribable. Habitations are sparse, the people being gathered into small communities, most of which consist of only a few houses. No agriculture is possible, unless one is to consider as coming under that definition feeble attempts to raise potatoes and a few other vegetables.

It is a region of most fearful storms, and every now and then the life-saving stations are seriously threatened; occasionally they are destroyed. From August to October is the hurricane season, and then the bankers have an opportunity to witness some of the wildest disorders of Nature. One gale turned five of the life-saving stations literally upside-down, and sometimes the hanging lamps used to illuminate the substantial frame structures occupied by the Service have to be put out, because they swing dangerously with the rocking of the high buildings.

Scenes on the banks when a gale is blowing are weird and awe-inspiring beyond description. The Storm Fiend rages for days together, sweeping with mighty blasts the narrow strip of sand, as if to tear away the last vestige of human habitation. Father Neptune himself takes part in the bombardment, thundering upon the strand with enormous breakers which do all but sweep over the meagre foothold of terra firma. But it is not terra firma really, for the sands are constantly shifting from one place to another, and what is dry land to-day may be a pasture for porpoises to-morrow.

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The sea, in truth, is steadily encroaching; it is destroying long-familiar islands far to seaward—outlying fragments of the strip system—and making new ones nearer the coast. During the hurricane which blew from the ninth to the seventeenth of October, 1896, occurred the highest storm-tide in history, threatening to engulf the banks entirely.

The life-savers were compelled to leave some of the stations in boats, and to row for half a mile over what was ordinarily dry land before they reached the nearest shore. It was on that occasion that Cobb's Island, north of Cape Charles, famous as a resort, was nearly wiped out, the only thing left being the life-saving station, which will have to be abandoned soon as no longer tenable.

ANSWERING THE ROCKET

It is wonderful to know that all the long strip of perilous coast from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras—more than one hundred miles—is as thoroughly policed as any city street, every foot of it being traversed by the coast guards eight times each night! The night at a life-saving station is divided into four watches. Take, for example, the Currituck Station. At sundown two surfmen leave it, one of them going north and the other south; he who proceeds northward goes on until he meets a patrolling surfman from Wash Woods Station, which is the next station to the north; he who goes southward keeps on until he meets a surfman of Whale's Head Station, the next to the south. In each case the two surfmen exchange small brass checks to prove that they have come together; this accomplished, they go home, and the next two watchmen start out.

Such duties entail hardships and dangers. In winter, when the thermometer is near the zero mark, and the flying spume of salt breakers sped before the fierce wind is half needles of ice, the hardy surfman keeps his patrol just the same as if it were balmy summer weather, an inextinguishable lantern in his hand and a torch stock in his belt.

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The torch is of a kind known as a "coston light," and it burns like red fire. It is lighted and waved in case the surfman sights a ship in distress, notifying the nearest life-saving stations that help is needed. It is curious to note how the spirit of the people of the banks has changed within recent times. Though the charges of quasi-piracy against them are probably false, they were certainly wreckers by profession up to less than fifty years ago.

Whatever came ashore on the sand-strip was regarded by them as legitimate spoil, though it is not recorded that they ever treated shipwrecked mariners otherwise than with kindness and hospitality.

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At the present time they reap a good, legitimate income from wrecking in the form of salvage. But the sons of the huskiest beach-combers of a generation ago are the surfmen of to-day, and in all of that heroic service there are none more brave.

Every year some of them lose their lives in the doing of their duty, and now and then one of them fails to return at the end of his patrol. Death has made him an unwilling deserter. He is found on the beach next morning, frozen stiff, his lantern in one hand and his torch of warning in the other.

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War—she is feminine, for no reason ever adequately explained—glorifies the soldier who falls. She places a laurel-wreath about his brows, and her stern sister, History, inscribes the story of his heroism in imperishable letters. But no military goddess nor muse attends the lonely and inglorious pathway of the surfman who patrols the midnight sands, soaked with the salt sea spray, bent to meet the wintry blasts, and frozen to the marrow by the biting north wind. No fame or promotion for him who warns the tempted vessel from the ruthless shoals, or summons instant help by others who,

like him, are trained to furnish effective succor where ordinary men would throw up their hands and wail aloud for very hopelessness to aid the helpless.

What a life of unselfishness thrice devoted! On that very coast, half a dozen years ago, it became known that a vessel was in a sinking condition fifteen miles off shore. Immediately a life-saving crew was made ready to rescue her. One of the men ventured to ask how they were going to get back, and no wonder, for the tempest was fearful and there could be no hope of return unless the wind changed. The Captain of the boat replied: "We don't have to get back!" That settled it; there wasn't another murmur. Happily, the wind did change, unexpectedly; the crew of the ship were rescued, and all hands returned in safety.

This is merely one example out of a great many that might be cited. In 1887, the full-rigged ship Elizabeth, from a German port, was wrecked on the Virginia coast, south of Cape Henry. Two life-saving crews, of seven men each, went out to help her. Every man, before starting, handed out his pocket pennies and other small valuables, to be delivered to his wife or nearest of kin if he failed to come back. It was a good precaution, for all were drowned save two. To each of the two the German Emperor presented a fine gold watch, and to the family of each of those who perished he gave $1000 in money. The Elizabeth with all hands was lost.

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When a life-saving station is notified by the red flare of the torch of a surfman that a vessel in distress has been sighted, action is as quick as at any metropolitan fire company's house. It is only that, instead of a fire-engine, a surf-boat is run out, ready mounted on a carriage, to which strong horses are hitched. Carriage and boat together weigh only half a ton, and they are conveyed in the quickest possible time to the point on the beach just opposite to the distressed ship.

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The surf-boat is built for lightness; it is twenty-six feet long, and has air tanks to keep it from sinking when filled with water. Six men row, while a seventh steers. Around the gunwale runs a life-line, to which are attached big pieces of cork, the latter giving buoyancy, and serving also as fenders to keep the boat from being smashed by bumping against wrecks.

The surf-boat, for obvious reasons, furnishes the easiest method of saving lives from wrecks. But it may happen that, owing to the severity of the storm or to other causes, this ready vehicle is unavailable. To launch it through the surf may be out of the question, and under such conditions the "breeches buoy" is brought into requisition. This is a simple affair, consisting of a circular life preserver, to which a pair of canvas pants are attached.

When once a really safe connection by rope is established between the vessel and the shore, this apparatus, with a human occupant, can be transferred with the utmost ease, despite the strife of the elements. All that the man or woman on the ship need do is to insert his or her lower limbs into the breeches aforesaid, and translation to the shore is quickly accomplished.

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Naturally, however, the chief difficulty lies in sending the line to the vessel off shore. It is accomplished by firing out of a gun a projectile which carries a small rope. This projectile is aimed to pass over the ship, and its range is about four hundred yards, or nearly a quarter of a mile. The rope, once fastened to a mast of the ship, is used to drag on board a hawser, which is traversed by the breeches buoy, the latter being easily manipulated by hauling in and paying out a smaller line. In this way, during the last forty years, a great number of lives have been saved.

Under exceptional circumstances the breeches buoy is unavailable, the storm being so severe, perhaps, that any person conveyed in it would be drowned by the rushing waves before he could be pulled ashore. Such conditions demand the employment of the life-car, which is a boat of galvanized iron, covered with a top of the same material, and holding four or five persons. Air is admitted through holes so arranged that not much water can enter them. It is very rarely that this appliance has to be used, the breeches buoy fully accomplishing satisfactory work in ordinary cases. Nevertheless, all humanitarians bow to the name of Joseph Francis, the originator of the life-car, whose invention saved the lives of two hundred and one persons brought ashore by it from the wreck of the British vessel Ayrshire off what is now Asbury Park, New Jersey, on the night of January 12, 1850. Congress granted him thanks and the biggest gold medal ever given to an American; the latter, now deposited in the National Museum, is five inches in diameter and one-third of an inch thick.

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What the surfmen do at night has already been told. In the day-time, if the weather is foggy, they keep regular watches just the same as at night. If it is clear, a man in the lookout tower of the station scans the horizon continually with a telescope. At any time a vessel may appear off shore and signal, "Where are we?" or, "Machinery disabled!" or, "Wounded man on board; send help!" In the first case information of latitude and longitude is signaled; in either of the latter emergencies aid is given by telegraphing for a revenue tug or otherwise.

All of the life-saving stations on the Atlantic coast are connected by telephone or telegraph. If anything of importance occurs, notice of it is communicated from station to station by 'phone, until a telegraph office is reached. Every station is now a war signal station also, and any news of warships sighted, or other item of note, is forwarded immediately to Washington.

A MARINE TROLLEY

The life-savers have plenty to occupy them when they are not on patrol duty. They have three boats to take care of—two surf-boats and a dingey—not to mention a lot of gear and apparatus, such as reels and life-lines.

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Then they have regular drills in the surf, rigging the breeches buoy, and rescuing men from a pole planted some distance from shore to represent a wreck. They practice firing with the surf-gun, which is a brass howitzer two feet long, its iron projectile weighing eighteen pounds. From three to eight ounces of powder serve for a charge, according to the distance of the wreck and the force and direction of the wind. The surfmen also practice signaling, the international code being used, and by no means the least important part of their work is the resuscitation drill. Each one in his turn plays the part of a half-drowned man, and the others punch him, pull his tongue out, roll him over, and let the imaginary water run out of him. One day in each week is devoted to cleaning house.

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The buildings of all the stations are of one pattern, substantially. On the ground floor is a kitchen, a dining-room, and a large room for the boats and paraphernalia of the service. Upstairs are the keeper's room, the store room, and a bigger room with seven iron beds in it for the surfmen. Everything is as neat as a new pin. The men occupy their leisure moments with reading or playing games.

The prosperous Seaman's Friend Society, which has its headquarters on Wall Street, New York, supplies them with reading matter in the shape of traveling libraries. Such libraries, consisting of from seventy to one hundred volumes, are passed along from station to station, so that there is always a stock of fresh literature on hand. For example, batches of books travel all the way from Sandy Hook to Cape May and back. Benevolent people, too, supply the stations with magazines and papers.

A glance at the map will show that the peculiar sand-strip system which fringes North Carolina extends all the way along the Atlantic coast of the United States, with a few breaks, from Long Island to Florida. Continued to the northward of North Carolina, it forms what is called the Eastern Shore of Virginia and Maryland—a desolate and dreary stretch, with the same primitive kind of population as that already described, and the same string of life-saving stations. A story is told of an old fellow who was summoned to testify in a Virginia court. He gave his age as sixty, in a squeaky treble.

"Nonsense!" said the Judge. "You are seventy or over."

"I assure you, Jedge, that I'm only sixty," insisted the witness, and stuck to the statement until finally somebody who knew him contradicted him. Then he broke down, and said, appealingly: "Jedge, I own up that I didn't count ten years I spent on the Eastern Sho'; but you wouldn't count those years agin a man, would you?"

The people of the strip in general are very religious; most of them are Methodists and Hardshell Baptists of the strictest and most rigid order. Their religious ceremonies are of a highly emotional character, with much outery and slapping of knees and clapping of hands. Along the Eastern Shore has been developed a peculiar cult or sect whose members call themselves the Sanctified Band. They can commit no sin, and consequently, perhaps, their mode of living is somewhat irregular. They have a sort of ark—a huge scow with a house built on it—in which they navigate about in the summer time, going from place to place and "saving sinners."

Some of the sinners have been very reluctant to be saved, and have even gone so far as to attack the ark with bullets, simply because efforts were made to persuade their daughters and other female relatives to join the band. To further illustrate the primitiveness of the region, the case may be mentioned of a man who runs a farm on Long Point Shoal, in Pamlico Sound. The farm is under water, and the crop is oysters; the farmhouse is a scow, anchored over the oyster-bed. The farmer got married the other day, and he and his wife are living happily, selling oysters to passing vessels.

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In 1877-78 two awful disasters on that coast aroused Congress to a sense of the necessity of providing adequate means for the saving of life from wrecks. On November 24 of the former year, at Nag's Head, the steamer Huron was stranded, and ninety-eight lives were lost because there was no station near at hand. Sixty-six days later, in the same neighborhood, the steamer Metropolis, bound from Philadelphia to Brazil, went ashore, and eighty-five people were drowned.

This great loss of life also happened for the reason that the stations were too far apart in that dangerous locality. The patrol had just gone by when the ship struck. So dense was the fog that nothing could be seen, but witnesses testified that they heard cries mingled with the roaring of the breakers.

All along the coast in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras lie the skeletons of lost ships, a few ribs here and there showing where each gallant vessel met her fate. They afford a dismal spectacle, but at Portsmouth, North Carolina, a settlement on the strip at Ocracoke Inlet, is to be seen something of another kind not less grewsome. The settlement is very old, and its dead for generation after generation have been buried in a certain sand-hill. This sand-hill is being cut away by the sea, exposing strata of coffins which protrude from the banks.

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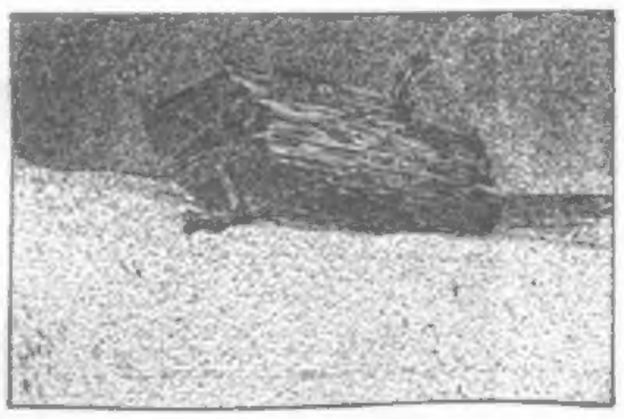
A writer who refers to the subject tells how he made a brief inspection of the coffins, and saw many shining objects like jewels sparkling from between the cracks of the rotting wood. Tearing some of the wood away, he discovered rows of toads sitting in solemn council, their bright eyes peering from among the débris of bones. The coffins are continually being washed away by the sea, but the people of the settlement do not seem to mind losing the remains of their relatives in this fashion.

All along the Atlantic shore of New Jersey is a string of life-saving stations at short intervals. Some of these are very lonely and inaccessible in winter, though pleasant enough in summer time. It was on the Jersey coast that the breeches buoy was first tried, in 1859, an iron ball weighing twenty-six pounds being fired to carry the shot-line over a vessel that had gone ashore. Thirteen years later, in 1872, the shifting sands caused an alteration in the form of the shore-line and exposed the wreck, so that a party of surfmen went to her and recovered the shot, which had fallen through her deck when thrown. This historic projectile is now on exhibition at the Omaha Fair.


AFTER!

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Long Island is defended from the ocean on the south side by a sand-strip extending almost its entire length. The strip is similar in all respects to that of North Carolina and Virginia, and it likewise has its continuous line of life-saving stations. Between the strip and the south shore of Long Island is the Great South Bay, a body of water from two to ten miles in width. In winter it is one of the most dismal places in the world. There is much storm and fog, and the ice piles up on the shore to a height of ten or fifteen feet, while outside for two or three miles off the bank the water is full of "porridge ice"—cakes as big as one's head and bigger. What with the bergs, as they are called locally, and the floating porridge ice constantly thrown up on shore by the surf, it is often impossible to get a boat out.

On one occasion, two winters ago, twenty-two life-savers were on duty at one wreck, and seventeen of them were badly frozen, two being rendered unconscious and relegated to the hospital for weeks. The surfmen commonly have their clothing frozen to their bodies.

There are very few human habitations on the great sand-bank to the south of Long Island. The life-savers live in their stations, and keep their families on the mainland. Once a week each man has a day off, and usually he spends it with his "folks," going across the bay in a sail-boat. In winter it is often so stormy as to render communication with the mainland out of the question, and the life-savers for weeks together are as much shut off from civilization as if they were at the North Pole.

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Not less dreary and even dreadful in winter is the coast of Cape Cod, where another line of life-saving stations thickly placed betokens the danger of that dismal shore to mariners. In bad weather some of the stations are inaccessible from the hamlets—particularly those toward the lower end of the Cape. Snows so deep as to cover the fences often make travel impossible.

Captain Sparrow, one of the best men in the service, was made a physical wreck by an experience in the line of duty in January of last year. A vessel had gone ashore on Roaring Bull Shoal in one of the greatest snowstorms that Cape Cod ever saw. The snow was thick like meal, not only blinding but suffocating, so that the Captain had to wade along with a handkerchief over his mouth, stopping to get breath at intervals and literally feeling his way. In this manner he traversed eight miles in the night. Neighbors to whom he called for assistance did not dare to venture out. Everybody on the hapless ship was lost; she could not be reached or even seen during the storm.

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The odd traits of the primitive Cape Cod people have already been recorded in contemporary literature. It is a fishing population mostly, like that of the banks of North Carolina and Virginia. Capes Cod and Hatteras are reckoned the most dangerous parts of the Atlantic coast, Long Island and New Jersey coming next. From the upper end of Cape Cod southward to Cape Fear is one line of battle for life-savers. Though the shores of New Hampshire and Maine are so rocky, few vessels are wrecked upon them, because there are good harbors.

Accordingly, the life-saving stations are fewer and more widely scattered, though the patrol is made as thorough as practicable. In places the stations are as much as twenty miles apart, yet a ship could hardly go ashore without being discovered within a few minutes. On Cranberry Isle is the loneliest station on all the New England coast. The island is some distance off the Maine shore, and in winter there are weeks together during which no boat can cross to the mainland.

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South of Cape Fear serious shipwrecks involving danger to life rarely occur. Hence there are no regular life-saving stations from that point southward to the end of Florida. Instead, there are so-called "houses of refuge" at intervals of fifteen miles or so. Each of these establishments is under charge of a keeper, who lives there with his family, his remuneration being six hundred dollars a year and the use of the house. It is his business to make expeditions after every big storm for the purpose of ascertaining if anybody has been cast away and is in need of help. If any wrecked individuals are found they are brought to the house of refuge, where there are a number of neat beds and medical supplies.

These houses of refuge are in extremely desolate localities, the keeper and his family perhaps not seeing half a dozen human beings in a twelvemonth.

There are no regular life-saving stations on any part of the coast of Florida, save one at Santa Rosa, near Pensacola. Another is at Sabine Pass, Louisiana, but there are no others until one comes to Galveston, Texas. Six of them are gathered in a bunch between Galveston and Brazos, all except one of these being on an outside strip. The five strip stations are exceedingly lonely places.

On the Pacific coast there are fourteen life-saving stations, and some of these are in very isolated, dismal spots—particularly those at Humboldt Bay, California, Cape Arago, Oregon, and Petersons Point in Washington. The coasts of the Pacific are in many parts rocky and forbidding, but wrecks are rare, and the prevailing winds sweep parallel to the coast and do little damage.

On the Atlantic shore the true lifeboat is rarely employed, because the beaches shelve so gradually and the water is so shallow as to make the launching of such a craft very difficult. The case is quite otherwise on the Pacific coast, where there is usually deep water near shore, and consequently lifeboats are used. The lifeboat is forty feet long, weighs a couple of tons, and draws nearly two feet of water. It is sharp at both ends, with high bow and stern, and a deck is built in it at the plane of the water level, the hold beneath this deck being divided into small compartments, some of which are filled with water for ballast. The keel is of iron, and weighs one thousand pounds or more.

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The boat requires twelve men to row and a coxswain to steer it. Some of the compartments are filled with cork, and there are air chambers at bow and stern and under the thwarts. Thanks to its peculiar construction, the craft rights itself immediately if upset, and the water in it pours out through scuppers, leaving it perfectly dry. One of the drills of the life savers is performed by capsizing the lifeboat, which turns right side up with the crew in it and all bailed out.

The first money for life-saving stations, $10,000, was voted by Congress in 1848, just fifty years ago, and was spent in erecting eight stations on the Jersey coast. No men were provided for the stations, however, and it was not until 1854 that the wreck of the Powhatan, involving the loss of three hundred lives, stirred the National Legislature and impelled it to employ a [illegible] station. The present organization dates from 1871, and owes its existence to Sumner I. Kimball, the present Superintendent of the service, who was backed in Congress by Sunset Cox. The life-saving service, now considered the finest in the world, was completed in 1878. The cost of it is about $1,300,000 a year—less than half that of the fire department of New York City.

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There are 250 stations—180 on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, fifty-eight on the Lakes, fourteen on the Pacific coast, and one at the Falls of the Ohio, near Louisville. If it were not for this station at Louisville many boats would be lost by going over the falls. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1897, the total number of wrecks on the coasts of the United States was 646. The number of vessels totally lost was fifty-four, and the number of persons drowned was fifty-three. The number of persons succored at stations was 587. The total value of property involved in the wrecks was reckoned at $7,329,570, of which $5,291,175 was saved.

The service embraces twelve districts, each one of which has as its inspector an officer of the revenue marine, while its Superintendent is a civilian familiar with the [illegible] life-saving requirements. Thus the system is made to adapt itself to each line of coast. For example, off the Maine shore rocky islands and ledges are the chief cause of danger to the mariners, hence the stations are placed on outlying points and islands, each of them commanding an extensive view. In June and July of each year all the stations on the Atlantic coast are shut up, because storms are rare and wrecks almost unknown in those months. This year, however, the stations are being kept open, for war purposes, as signal stations. On the Pacific coast the stations are never shut, on the Lakes they are closed when navigation stops and opened when navigation is resumed. One of the most isolated of all the life-saving stations is at Thunder Bay, on the Lakes. It can only be reached by a long stage ride and in winter is well nigh inaccessible.

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The surfmen on Cape Cod are required to wear life-belts, but it is very hard to make them obey this rule. They think it cowardly to wear a life-belt. "If I get drowned," said one of them, "I want to die like a man. I don't want to be found floating with an infernal cargo of cork."

At each station is a medicine chest, containing wine, brandy, mustard plasters, and a few other simple remedies and appliances for helping half-drowned and half-frozen people. The surfmen are drilled in the treatment of frost-bite, and it is worth while to know that they apply scraped raw potato after using snow and cold water.

There are no pensions for the life-savers. However, a surfman disabled in the line of duty gets one year's pay, and he may receive two years' pay at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. If he loses his life, two years' full pay is given to his widow, or to his minor children if he has any.

Starting a New Navy

In the [illegible] of contracts for the construction of three battle-ships, sixteen torpedo-boat destroyers and twelve torpedo-boats, and in perfecting its plans for a four-harbor defense, vessels on the monitor type, the Navy Department of the United States has been governed by the emphatic lessons of the naval operations of the war. In many essentials, therefore, the plans have been altered from those that were first proposed, but in the [illegible] type

The new battle-ships, named Maine, Missouri and Wisconsin, will have a speed of [illegible] knots, a displacement of [illegible] tons, a horse-power of 10,000, and a radius of action of 10,000 knots, and will cost $2,800,000 each. The torpedo-destroyers will range in cost from $290,000 to $291,000 each, and the torpedo-boats from $129,750 to $165,000 each. All vessels of the torpedo class are to be named after deceased naval officers who became famous.

The harbor-defense vessels, which will be named Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida and Wyoming, will have a normal displacement of about 3700 tons, a single turret carrying two twelve-inch breech-loading guns, an additional main battery of four four-inch rapid-fire guns, and a secondary battery of three six-pound rapid-fire and four one-pound automatic rifles; each will cost $1,500,000.

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Great Powers Making Peace for Crete

Lord Salisbury's disarmament policy has been enforced in Crete with a vigor that must have convinced Ismail of the futility of further opposition, especially as, for once, the Great Powers are in full accord with the British program of settlement.

The situation locally is wholly controlled by a British Admiral, who, if necessary, would have the support of the entire international fleets there, and the ringleaders of the recent massacre are to be tried by a court-martial composed of British officers.

More significant of the light that is at last breaking to dawn on the Christians of Isle Crete is the determination of Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy that the island shall be permanently pacified, and that the Sultan will be forced, if it is necessary, to comply with the requirements of the Powers. Germany declined to join the concert, but the other Powers irrevocably decided to settle the Cretan question immediately.

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A Confession of Six Hundred Forgeries

The Dreyfus case is daily expanding and daily rendering more imminent a conflict between the civil and military branches of the French Government, suggestive of most serious consequences. Major Esterhazy, who secretly fled to England, has confessed that out of a thousand documents laid before the court at the trial of Captain Dreyfus, fully six hundred were forgeries, and that he was the author of the famous bordereau, or marginal declaration, against Dreyfus. He has also asserted that all his actions were in obedience to orders given him by his superior officer.

General Zurlinden, who held the office of Minister of War for a short time after Cavaignac's resignation, resumed the military governorship of Paris, and immediately ordered the arrest and strict confinement of Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, although that officer was at the time under the direct protection of a French civil court.

Picquart is fully versed in the details of the Dreyfus court-martial, and has done much to expose the illegal and corrupt influences that have wrought the present crisis. The War Office has promised him an open trial, which, if fairly conducted, will have most astounding results.

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The Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration

Great Britain and Venezuela have now both completed their cases to be submitted to the Anglo-Venezuelan Court of Arbitration, which will meet in a preliminary session in Paris in January next. Of this Court, Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Brewer, both of the United States Supreme Court, are arbitrators chosen by Venezuela, and Baron Herschell and Sir Richard Henn Collins the arbitrators selected by Great Britain. Under the treaty providing for the arbitration of the Venezuela and British [illegible] a boundary dispute, these four arbitrators selected the fifth member of the tribunal in the person of Professor [illegible], a distinguished Russian jurist and authority on international law.

The [illegible] terms, with maps, records and other documents and their counsel are now preparing the briefs, which is the first necessary act prior to the meeting of the Court. The Venezuelan brief is in the hands of ex-President Harrison, ex-Secretary Benjamin F. Tracy, of the Navy Department, and Mr. Mayer Prevost, and that of Great Britain is those of a number of eminent counsel, of whom Sir Richard Webster is best known in the United States.

• • •

Filipinos Appeal to the Powers

On the eve of the assembling of the American-Spanish Peace Commission both the Spaniards and the Filipinos put forth exceptional efforts to convince the nations of Europe that each were severally entitled to full possession of the Philippines. In both cases the principal object in view was the very best possible bargain under circumstances that neither could control.

The Spanish Peace Commissioners were instructed to oppose any abandonment of Spanish sovereignty over the Islands beyond the cession of a coaling station, and to insist that the alleged American purpose to annex Luzon outright is not warranted by the extent of territory actually occupied by United States forces.

The Filipino insurgents, in the name of the revolutionary Government, have appealed to the Powers for a recognition of the belligerency of the Philippines and the independence of their Government. Their National Assembly decided to request the Americans to recognize the independence of the islands, to establish a protectorate over their external affairs, and to induce the Powers to recognize their full independence.

• • •

The Investigation of the War Department

After much difficulty and many personal appeals, President McKinley succeeded in forming a commission to investigate the conduct of the Medical, Quartermaster's and Commissary Bureaus of the War Department during the war with Spain. Of a large number of representative men invited to undertake the investigation, the following accepted: Major-General Greenville M. Dodge, of New York; Major-General John M. Wilson, U. S. A.; Col. James A. Sexton, of Illinois; Charles Denby, ex-Minister to China; James A. Beaver, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania; Urban A. Woodbury, ex-Governor of Vermont; Major-Gen. J. Alexander M'D. Mitchell, U. S. A.; [illegible] S. O'Connor, M. D., of Ohio, and Evan P. Howell [illegible].

[illegible] facts that the Commission would be personal rather than an official one; that it would lack the powers that an Act of Congress would confer; that officers and men would be unwilling to testify against their superiors without legal protection, and that the results would be wanting in needful weight, deterred many persons whom the President was quite anxious to have [illegible] from accepting appointment.

• • •

The Travels of the Ashes of Columbus

When the Count de los Infantas, a relative of Christopher Columbus, recently urged the Spanish Premier to instruct Governor-General Blanco to take with him on his departure from Havana for Madrid the remains of the discoverer, he reopened a controversy of many years' standing.

The remains of Columbus were first buried at Valladolid, in Spain, where the navigator died; then they were reinterred at Seville; next they were transferred to the cathedral of San Domingo, some time prior to 1549, again when Spain lost that island, in 1795, they were supposed to have been removed to Havana and placed in the cathedral; then a portion of a small quantity of ashes declared to be those of Columbus was taken from the San Domingo cathedral, in 1877, and sent to Genoa, next a minute portion of similarly declared ashes was sent to Genoa from the Havana tomb, in [illegible]

Lastly, a few bones [illegible] were sent to Seville and deposited in a [illegible].

The Spanish Government [illegible] the ashes in the cathedral to the tomb of Columbus. [illegible] are reasons for believing that the remains of another person were taken from San Domingo by some mistake, and that the ashes of the great discoverer still repose in that city unknown and unhonored.

• • •

Secretary Alger's Personal Inspection

It was unfortunate that Secretary Alger was unable to undertake an official inspection of our military camps and [illegible] detention camps [illegible] by many [illegible] would have been welcomed certainly, and his coming averted.

It would be folly to question either the willingness or the ability of the Government to provide every needful comfort and attention for our soldiers at the front.

Secretary Alger's declaration that the conditions described to him at the camps were never known at Washington, and the assurance of commanding officers of their readiness to procure prompt action on their requisitions for necessary supplies, indicate a woful mismanagement in some quarters.

• • •

The Governmental Revolution in China

The Emperor of China had scarcely announced his determination to inaugurate a policy of progress based on systems that had raised the civilization and greatness of the Western Powers, when he was forced to resign all his authority as sovereign into the hands of the Dowager Empress.

She immediately assumed charge of the Government, directed the Ministers to deliver their official reports to her in the future, and announced that she would [illegible] all meetings of the Tsung li Yamen, would be present at all audiences, and would pass upon all memorials and proposed edicts.

This [illegible] revolution, the triumph of Li Hung Chang, the defeat of Russia in Chinese affairs, the defeat of the British policy of reform and progress, the postponement, if not the end, of the projected alliance between China and Japan, and the ascendency of the factions opposed to reform and advancement on the lines indicated in the Emperor's short-lived edicts. It was a complete surprise to the world, a most severe shock to the Tartars.

• • •

Repudiating International Arbitration

The relations between the Kingdom of Italy and the Republic of Colombia seem likely to result in the first repudiation of an award by an international arbitrator. Italy had a claim against Colombia in behalf of one of her citizens. Colombia disputed the claim. Both countries agreed to refer the matter to an arbitrator of the United States in the person of President Cleveland, who was selected by both parties in the discussion.

The arbitrator decided the claim in favor of Italy, and that country has been trying to collect it ever since. After several extensions of the time for payment, Italy recently made a final demand under threats. On this, Colombia withdrew the protection of her laws from all Italians on her territory, and severed all diplomatic relations with the Kingdom, and denounced the treaties between the two countries.

The merits of the original dispute [illegible] only the parties interested, but the [illegible] of an act of friendly arbitration by a [illegible] consenting nations is an event of most unusual occurrence in international politics, and one to be deprecated by the whole world as an act of perfidy.

• • •

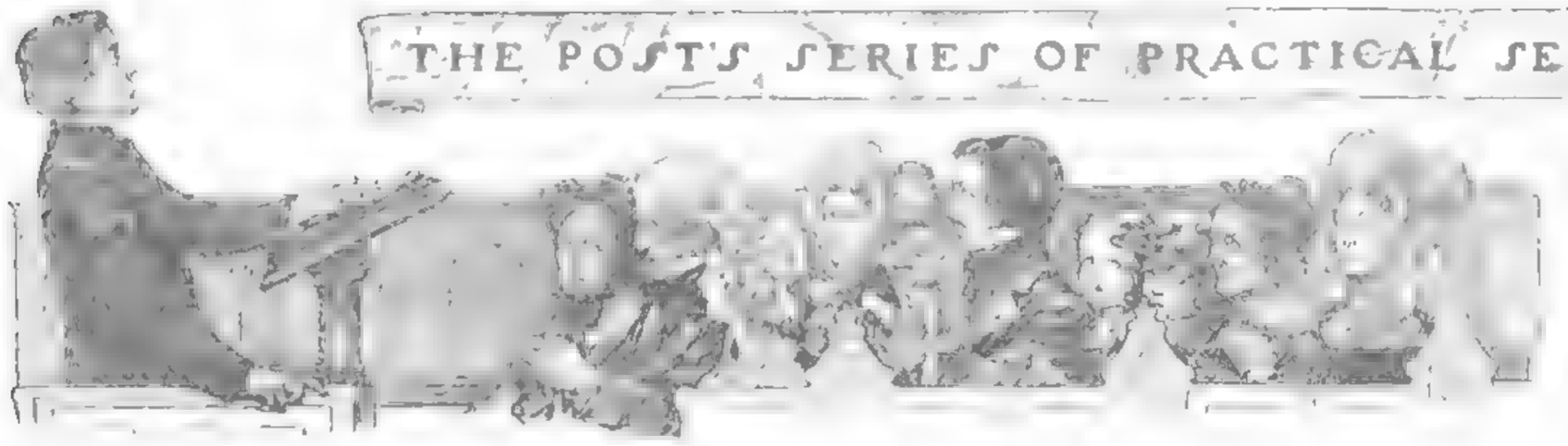
Hastening the Evacuation of Cuba

Under the direction of the Joint Military Commission the evacuation of Porto Rico has been carried on with reasonable rapidity, and so far without friction between the conquered and the conqueror. The Joint Commission having charge of the similar work in Cuba, though confronted by larger and more complicated duties, have not made corresponding progress, and the American Government has been greatly annoyed by the apparent unwarranted delay.

The Spanish Commissioners there declare that they cannot begin the formal evacuation before November 1, nor complete it before February 28, next. President McKinley recently sent [illegible] to the wants of the starving Cubans, and with hearty consideration for the American troops now held in readiness for the occupation of the island, has instructed the American Commissioners to demand that the evacuation be completed by December 31 next.

A desire to control the Havana customs receipts till the last possible moment, more than the usual "mañana" may be the real secret of the Spanish delay in evacuating Cuba.

THE POST'S SERIES OF PRACTICAL SERMONS



MAKING A TRUE HOME

By

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

IN OUR study of the pilgrimage of life from the cradle to the grave we come into the sixth age—the patriarchal age. The infant has passed through childhood, youth, manhood, middle life. He is a patriarch at home—his wife, his children, perhaps his grandchildren, gathered about him.

We must not think that this theme is of value only to the patriarch. We can have in old age only as we have acquired in youth and middle life. We cannot reap wheat in our old age if we have sown cockle seed in our youth, we cannot have a home in our old age if we have scattered with a careless hand through youth and middle life.

If we have been a laggard and a sluggard in the hours when we should have been enterprising, wasteful and unthrifty when we should have been wise, we can only drink the bitter cup which we have been mixing for ourselves in these previous years.

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When Jacob looks for his Rachel let him remember that he wants Rachel at whose side he will be called to sit when both are gray; then he will have a love that will not die with the honeymoon, but will grow richer and deeper and stronger and more joyous as the years go on. The lesson of the patriarchal age is for all, young and old, for if we are to have the sweet benediction of the home by-and by, we must be building it now. As we build it so it will be.

Two things are necessary for a home. The first, privacy. I remember when I was a boy going into a dismantled tenement house in the Five Points, and into one room where, if my memory serves me right, I saw four families in one room, each in a little corner by itself. There could not be a home under such circumstances.

The wall that makes privacy may be but the wall of a tent; but the home must be separate from every other home. You cannot have home in a boarding house or a hotel; on the other hand, you may have it in the poorest tenement. Four walls and a roof may make a home, but nothing less than that can make it. For refuge is one of the essentials of a home; and you cannot have that in a public parlor and a public dining room, however luxurious.

And then love, and love in its fivefold forms—in its entirety—the love of husband for wife, the love of wife for husband, the love of father for child, the love of mother for child, and the love of child for parents.

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The bed may be a cot, the table may be deal, the floor may be sanded, but the home has not come to its perfection unless there is a child in it. The home symphony can never be performed perfectly save by this quintet: father love, mother love, husband love, wife love, child love. Given this song of love from these five singers and the little room where they can be by themselves, and you have the necessary conditions of a true home.

What shall be the qualities of this home?

First of all it must be a refuge. You have perhaps crossed the North Atlantic; for days you have been sailing through the fog and the storm, you have been tossed up and down, have been rocked in the cradle of the deep and you are tired of the cradle, have had a luxurious table, but were disinclined to go to it, have longed for a steady keel and a quiet time, and at last have entered the landlocked harbor. Have you ever forgotten that time when, coming out of a long voyage, you have come at last into the landlocked harbor and left the storm without? Now, an ideal home is such a landlocked harbor.

Wives and mothers know not what they are doing—who occupy no public stage, render no public service, make no public addresses, serve no public ministries—I do not believe they know what they are doing in the world, and we husbands do not often enough tell them what they are doing in the world.

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Blessed is the man whose home is a real refuge! who, being tossed to and fro on the waves of a tumultuous and combative sea throughout the day, leaves his office, his business perplexities, behind him, and when he opens the door and enters the house enters the Undiscovered Land.

But the home ought not to be a refuge for the husband and the father only, but we who are husbands and fathers ought to make it a refuge for the wives and mothers as well. They have their cares also, and when we come to our homes we ought to come bringing with us such a spirit as shall exorcise these cares and make home their refuge.

The best and quickest way to get rid of our own care is to take some one else's. Would the husband be rid of his own perplexities? let him for a little while take his wife's. The mother loves the child, attends upon him from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, and is tired, not of her child, but of the perpetual strain of attention, and now it is the husband's turn to take the child a little from the wife.

In the second place, this home is to be a school. The home is God's budding place for plants, where the little children are planted in the pots before they can stand the inclement weather outside. These children, with their imitative habits, catch the spirit of

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

father and mother, follow the examples of their parents, do what they have done in the spirit in which they have seen it done. The little girl carries her doll through all the experiences of measles, scarlet fever and whooping cough—all in one afternoon, too—and trains her through all the discipline of disorderly behavior, and a most severe disciplinarian is she. She is learning motherhood with her doll.

The merchant's boy plays store; he gets out the chairs and makes a counter of them. The minister's boy makes a congregation of them and preaches to them. Each follows in the example of the one he most reverences, afterward he chooses differently, but meantime is learning by example. In this school the purpose of the wise parent is not to give happiness, but character to their children.

God does not try to keep us from the burdens of the world, but to make us strong to bear them. It is not a wise father love or mother-love that wraps the child like a jewel in the cotton and puts him in a little box where nothing can hurt him. Wise love teaches heroism to this boy, this girl, that when they get out into life they may be able to take its annoyances and not whimper.

More than once I have seen a child bearing a hurt bravely until the mother took it and pitied it, and then it began to cry. Train your children in your home. Remember that as they go out from your hands so they will be in larger life. Minister to them not for the present happiness, but for future power.

The ideal home is a church as well as a school. The old Greek word for home is "the shrine of the gods." That is what a home ought to be—a shrine where God comes down and blesses us. We ought not to have to church to find our God; we ought to find Him at our hearthstones and teach our children to always find Him there.

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Last summer I had the enjoyment of spending a few days at the house of a Scotch noble. He had built a chapel on his great estate, with organ and altar and reading desk, and twice a day we assembled in that chapel for prayers conducted by the head of the household, in true patriarchal fashion. It is not easy in a busy life like ours to have what we used to call, in New England family prayers.

Many of us have often felt compelled, as I was, to them. But in the home of such a man, whose pressure upon him was such that he could not wait for the ordinary family devotion, I have seen at the breakfast table the moment of grace turned into a moment of true devotion, the little children joining in a simple responsive service that made their breakfast hour also an hour of worship. Traditionally the mother goes up at night to kneel down by her child and offer prayer with him. It is a good tradition if it is not too exclusively the mother's privilege; but I really have never been able to see why sometimes the father should not kneel down by the bed of the child, and the father lead the children's footsteps to the throne and the heart of God. The patriarchal home is a church as well as a school for the children.

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This patriarchal home does not restrict its benediction to itself. It is a hospitable home. Its doors fly open to the stranger; it is a true missionary home; love shines through its windows, on the wayfarers as well, and the door that opens to the father and the son opens to others also.

One need not be rich to have a hospitable home. He may have nothing but a tent; he may be so poor that he goes out of it and sits under the tree for shade; and still he may be a hospitable householder, and the home may entertain God's angels unawares. For to be hospitable, as Fuller says, we give not according to the one whom we are entertaining, but according to ourselves. What ever is good enough for the children is good enough for the most Royal guest that ever comes under the roof. We are inhospitable when we ask others to share the life we have not—when we try to create some impossible life which is not ours that we may give it them as ours.

•

The home is the most vital of all institutions, as it is the oldest. All institutions have changed, governments have changed their structure; religion has changed its creeds, its forms of worship, its methods of work, but the home is to-day in all that is essential to it what it was when Abraham and Sarah kept house in a tent—one husband, one wife, and their children living together.

I am a patriot and I love my country, but it would be better that the United States should be severed into as many separate nationalities as there are separate States, and every State separated into as many communities as there are separate counties and separate towns, than that the home in America should be destroyed.

Let the nation live and the home be corrupted and the nation goes down into a death from which there can be no resurrection; but let the homes live in America, and out of a dismembered and broken Republic a new nation would grow up, fed by the Christian home.

I am a minister, and I hope a Christian; but the home is more important than the church. You might gather all the churches of the United States together in one great pile, and put all the Bibles in America and all the ministers and priests on the great pile and set fire to them and burn them all up together, and not do so much harm to the nation as by eating the life out of the American home. For let the church live and the home die and the church would die, for it is the home that keeps the church alive; but let the church die and the home live, and out of the home nurtured by devout mothers and Christian fathers—first priests and priestesses in God's great temple—there would grow up a new church with a new worship, but the same old reverence and faith and hope and love which have blessed the world ever since Abraham built the first altar to Almighty God in the long ago.

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WISDOM OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST THINKERS.....

Compiled by Fanny Mack Lothrop

REALIZATION OF LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES.—Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF GENIUS.—The mind of genius is among other minds what the carbuncle is among precious stones, it sends forth light of its own, while the others reflect only that which they have received.

THE REVELATION OF SIMPLICITY.—There are no miracles in the realm of science. The real philosopher does not seek to excite wonder, but to make that plain which was wonderful. He does not endeavor to astonish, but to enlighten.—R. G. Ingersoll.

THE ATTACKS OF INFERIORITY.—When people treat you ill, and show their spite, and slander you, enter into their little souls, go to the bottom of them, search their understandings, and you will soon see that nothing they may think or say of you need give you one troublesome thought.—Marcus Antoninus.

THE REDEEMING MINORITY.—There has always been and there always will be the brave advancing minority, the world's hope, the invincible few—not a remnant, meaning something left over, but a leadership, keeping in the van of thought bearing and daring for what they believe to be the truth and right.—John Learned.

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ASSOCIATION WITH THE HIGHEST.—In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest, not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend, but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a box ticket takes us through the house.

THE ESSENTIAL OF GREATNESS.—He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career, and he is greatest who does the most of all these things and does them best.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

THE ISOLATION OF SUPERIORITY.—Is it an infirmity of certain kinds of men, or a wise provision for their protection, that the brightest forms the truth takes in their private cogitations seem to lose half their lustre and all their grace when uttered in the presence of an unreceptive nature, and they hear as it were their own voice reflected in a poor, dull, inharmonious echo, and are disgusted?

CONSCIENCE A PROGRESSIVE STANDARD.—Yesterday's conscience will not do for to-day's need, nor to-day's for to-morrow's. Conscience is a thing which must be growing all the time—must grow with our growth, strengthen with our strength. If it be stationary it becomes stagnant, it deteriorates, it may die. It must be kept up, its tone always equal to our best individual advances.—The Presbyterian.

HARMONY WITH CONDITIONS.—Fate is unpenetrated causes. The water drowns ship and sailor like a grain of dust. But learn to swim, trim your bark, and the wave which drowned it will be cloven by it, and carry it, like its own foam, a plume and a power. The cold is inconsiderate of persons, tingles your blood, freezes a man like a dewdrop. But learn to skate, and the ice will give you a graceful sweep and poetic motion. The cold will brace your limbs and brain to genius, and make you foremost among men of your time.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST series represent practical unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, Making a True Home, is taken from The Outlook. Some of those which have already appeared in this series are:

XI. Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug.	27
XII.—What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black, A. M., D. D.,	Sept.	3
XIII. The Making of Character,	by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Sept.	10
XIV.—Religion in Daily Life,	by Very Rev. John Caird, D. D.,	Sept.	17
XV. Courage in Common Life,	by Lewis O. Brastow, D. D.,	Oct.	1
XVI.—The Courage That Overcomes,	by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	Oct.	8
XVII.—Making a True Home,	by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.,	Oct.	22

THE · BEST · POEMS · IN · THE · WORLD ·

POEMS OF AUTUMN

With a Decoration and

DRAWING *By* J. C. LEYENDECKER

XXXV

A Still Day in Autumn

By Sarah Helen Whitman

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

•

How, through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst;

•

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls;
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where, o'er the rocks, her withered garlands fall.

•

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams, through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

•

The moist winds breathe of crispèd leaves and flowers,
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

•

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadows,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lips beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dreamy slumbers bound.

•

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bees sit brooding,
Like a fond lover loath to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

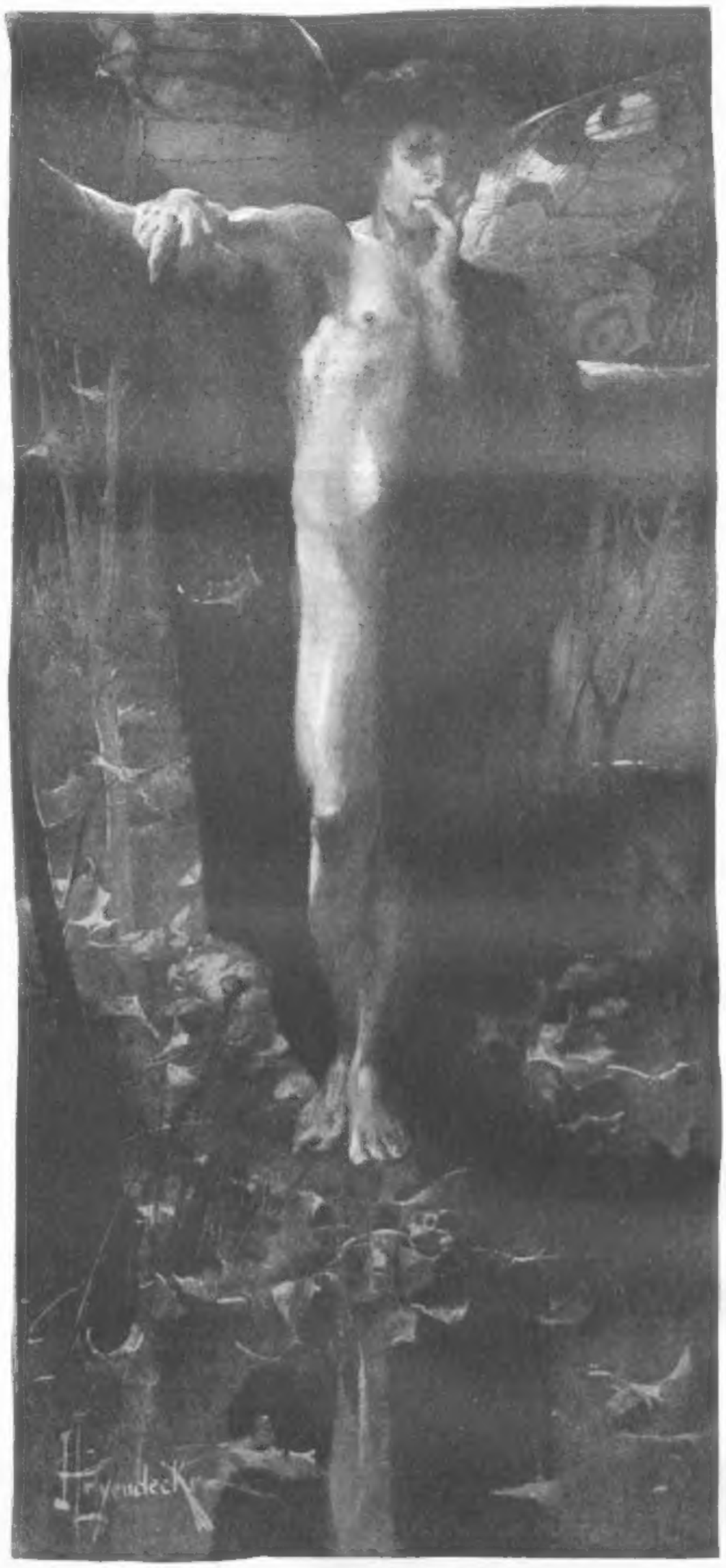
•

The little birds upon the hillside lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray.
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

•

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming
Forget to breathe their fullness of delight;
And through the trancèd woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dew-fall of the Summer night.

So, in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in Ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.



THE SOUTH WIND • • • • • • • SIGHS TO FIND THEM IN THE WOOD AND BY THE STREAM NO MORE

XXXVI

The Death of the Flowers

By William Cullen Bryant

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the Autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the woodtop calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

•

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

•

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchids died amid the Summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in Autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

•

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

•

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

The Marquis of Ripon's Friendliness Toward Us

The Marquis of Ripon, the distinguished English peer, who in a recent interview expressed such friendly sentiments for America and praised her new policy of expansion, is the same man who twenty-seven years ago was chairman of the joint Commission sitting in Washington to draw up a treaty for the settlement of the Alabama and other claims brought against Great Britain as a result of our Civil War. Although now over seventy years old, the Marquis is possessed of all the enthusiasm and activity of a man thirty years younger.

His home is most attractive, and is in the famous old Chelsea district of London. He has a large and well-selected library, and he may be found at almost any time of night or day devouring some favorite volume. He is rather thickset, of medium height, with gray hair and full gray beard, and he wears a monocle. In spite of the many titles which he bears, he is very modest and retiring, with all the quiet, polished manners of an English gentleman. He is an easy conversationalist, and possesses a fund of apt illustrations. Altogether, he is a delightful old man, who keeps in touch with the events of the day.

* * *

Muravieff, the Czar's Right-Hand Man

Although Czar Nicholas II is widely looked upon as the author of the remarkable proposal of universal peace by the dismantlement of all the armies of Europe, there are those who believe that Count Muravieff persuaded his ruler to take this step. But Muravieff certainly had considerable influence in its inception.

Michael Muravieff comes of an ancient and powerful family. The Muravieffs were brought into extreme prominence in the affairs of Russia by Catherine II. They were originally a Polish family, and allied themselves with the powerful and conquering Russians. The present Count was born in 1845, and from his birth was destined for a diplomatic career.

He was graduated from the University of Heidelberg, and speaks fluently, not the usual "seven languages," but every important language of civilization. He is a doctor of philosophy, history, languages and international law. He has held important positions at almost every diplomatic station of importance in Europe.

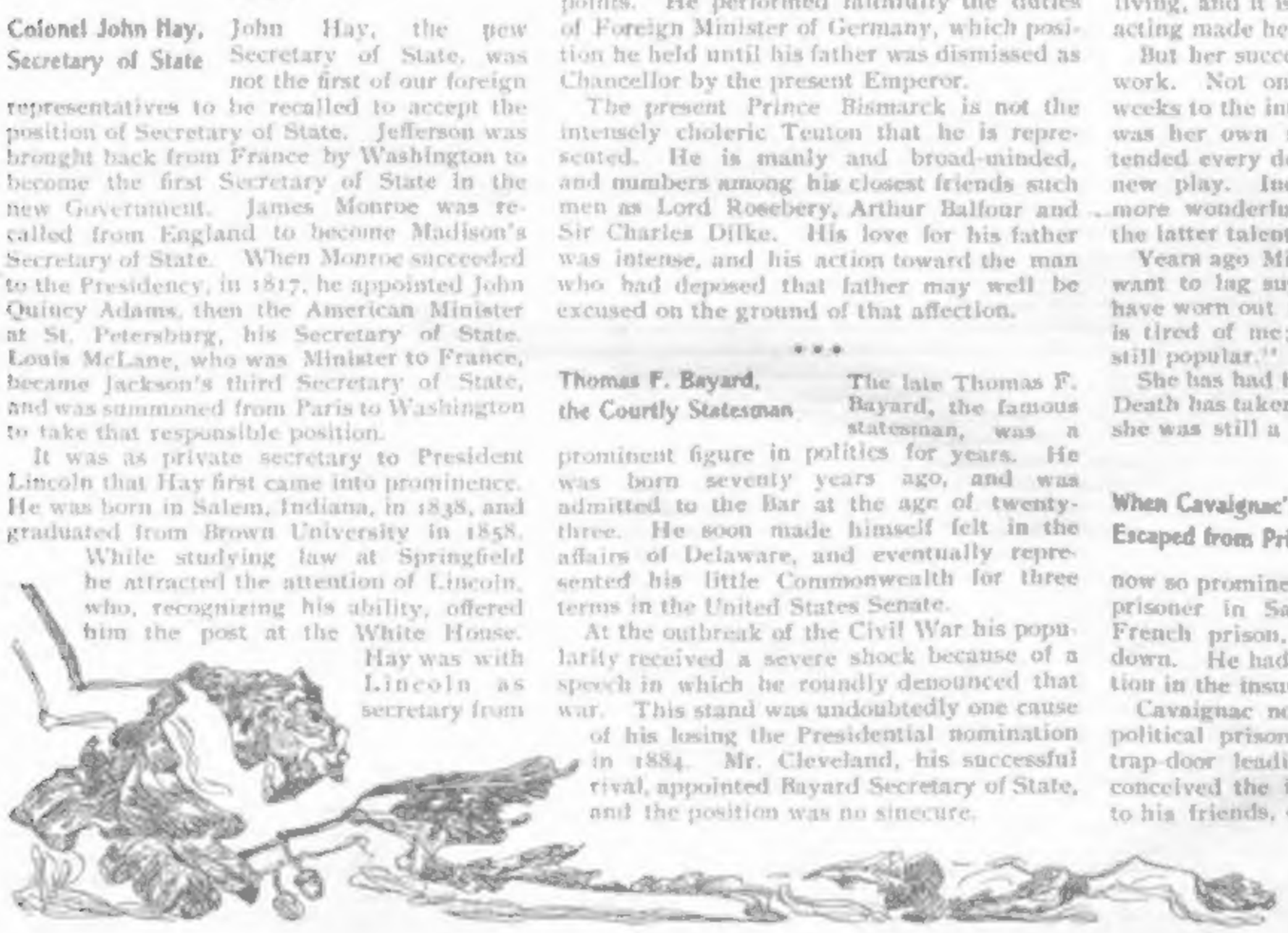
When Muravieff was given the mission to Copenhagen, he was given an opportunity to meet his Imperial master in relations so intimate and personal that he won not only the admiration and friendship, but the confidence of the Czar, and thus paved the way for becoming, next to the Czar himself, the most powerful man in Russia. He is a trained diplomat of the highest order, and one of the foremost men in the world of State.

* * *

Colonel John Hay, Secretary of State

John Hay, the new Secretary of State, was not the first of our foreign representatives to be recalled to accept the position of Secretary of State. Jefferson was brought back from France by Washington to become the first Secretary of State in the new Government. James Monroe was recalled from England to become Madison's Secretary of State. When Monroe succeeded to the Presidency, in 1817, he appointed John Quincy Adams, then the American Minister at St. Petersburg, his Secretary of State. Louis McLane, who was Minister to France, became Jackson's third Secretary of State, and was summoned from Paris to Washington to take that responsible position.

It was as private secretary to President Lincoln that Hay first came into prominence. He was born in Salem, Indiana, in 1838, and graduated from Brown University in 1858. While studying law at Springfield he attracted the attention of Lincoln, who, recognizing his ability, offered him the post at the White House. Hay was with Lincoln as secretary from 1861 to 1865, except for a brief service in the Army, where he attained the rank of Major and brevet Colonel. When Lincoln's death ended his duties as secretary, Colonel Hay was sent to Madrid, and later to Paris as Secretary of Legation, and still later was Charge d'Affaires at Vienna. On his return to America he devoted himself to literature until 1875, when he removed to Cleveland and again entered political life. Under Hayes' administration he was Assistant Secretary of State, and since that time has lived in Washington until he went to represent America at the Court of St. James.



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The Typical American Through Spanish Eyes

For more than ten years' time Theodore Roosevelt has been in the public eye, but since our war with Spain he has won a warm place in the public heart. The country has learned to appreciate his sterling worth. He is a trustworthy ally, a fair enemy. But he is a worker from head to foot. Once he decides to do a thing, he never rests till it is done, and done to his entire satisfaction.

A volume might be written on this man, his characteristics, his amusements, his home life. But it is enough to say that Theodore Roosevelt thoroughly represents the highest type of the true American citizen.

The following description of him, which appeared in a Madrid newspaper, is interesting as showing how utterly unreliable is Spanish news:

> "The commander-in-chief of the entire American army is one Ted Roosevelt, formerly a New York policeman, who was born near Haarlem; emigrated to America when young; was educated at Harvard Academy, a commercial school (there being no universities or colleges in America). His bodyguard is termed 'rough riders.'"

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The Better Side of Bismarck's Son

The recent death of Prince Bismarck, and the rather sensational developments accompanying his obsequies, have served to bring into the light of publicity his son, Count Herbert. Concerning this favorite son of the Iron Chancellor much unfavorable criticism has been excited. He is even said to possess all the bad points of his famous father, redeemed by none of his better qualities.

But the majority of the sons of great men are ever held up in comparison with their fathers. No matter what they do, the public criticises them. Count Herbert Bismarck certainly has inherited all of his father's hatred of the Kaiser, and that ruler's pyrotechnic display of friendship has not deceived Count Herbert.

But while he may not be the most lovable character in the world, he has many good points. He performed faithfully the duties of Foreign Minister of Germany, which position he held until his father was dismissed as Chancellor by the present Emperor.

The present Prince Bismarck is not the intensely choleric Teuton that he is represented. He is manly and broad-minded, and numbers among his closest friends such men as Lord Rosebery, Arthur Balfour and Sir Charles Dilke. His love for his father was intense, and his action toward the man who had deposed that father may well be excused on the ground of that affection.

* * *

Thomas F. Bayard, the Courtly Statesman

The late Thomas F. Bayard, the famous statesman, was a prominent figure in politics for years. He was born seventy years ago, and was admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-three. He soon made himself felt in the affairs of Delaware, and eventually represented his little Commonwealth for three terms in the United States Senate.

At the outbreak of the Civil War his popularity received a severe shock because of a speech in which he roundly denounced that war. This stand was undoubtedly one cause of his losing the Presidential nomination in 1884. Mr. Cleveland, his successful rival, appointed Bayard Secretary of State, and the position was no sinecure.

In 1893 Mr. Bayard was appointed the first American Ambassador to England. While in England he made many speeches, and won a warm place for himself in the British heart. But his desire to promote good feeling between England and America often betrayed him into indiscriminate flattery.

He was a courtly gentleman of the old school. While in no sense a "ladies' man," his gentlemanly ways won him many devout admirers among women. In January, 1891, he made a speech at a banquet given in Philadelphia to Mr. Cleveland, then ex-President. So charming was his courtliness, so apt his expression, that Mrs. Cleveland became enthusiastic to the point of splitting her gloves in applauding him.

Bayard was undoubtedly a good man. His mistakes were never serious; they often were the result of lack of judgment. He was a thoroughly clean politician, and ably represented his State in the Senate. He had many friends. His tastes were simple and scholarly. His family and his books occupied the chief place in his heart. He was a distinguished citizen, and a devoted and patriotic servant of the people.

* * *

The Strange Little Whims of Zola

Cæsar Lombroso, the eminent authority on mental degeneracy, has left comparatively few great men out of his list of insane, and Zola has not escaped. But whether the novelist be insane or not, he certainly has many mental infirmities.

He lives in an atmosphere of morbid fancies which makes life miserable. He is haunted by a constant dread of failure. When he begins a book he is certain he will not live to finish it. He counts every step in mounting stairs, and if he thinks he has made a mistake he will descend to the bottom and begin to mount again.

When he makes a speech he is dogged by the fear that he will never complete a sentence. If in leaving the house he puts his left foot first he will return to his room.

He will never enter a cab or shop unless the number is a multiple of three or seven, and when he retires he will open and shut his eyes seven times, never more nor less, to satisfy himself he is alive.

In early childhood Zola had a severe attack of brain fever. As a child his face indicated idiocy. At school he was remarkable for dullness, like so many men of genius, and failed ignominiously in his degree examinations. But he has an enormous capacity for work, and when he is writing is utterly blind and deaf to all externals.

* * *

Fanny Davenport's Life of Work

The past few weeks have been remarkable for the number of deaths among the leaders in every field of human activity. The fields of literature, of statesmanship and of the stage have each suffered severe losses. While news of the death of Fanny Davenport has been expected for some time, when it actually came it was somewhat in the nature of an actual shock.

Although she was a thoroughly American actress, she was born in London, opposite the British Museum. She was brought up in the atmosphere of the stage, and early in life made her appearance in Boston, where her father was a theatrical manager. At the early age of seven she spoke her first lines.

Her stage schooling was most complete, and she finally graduated into one of the foremost figures behind the footlights. When but fourteen years old she was compelled to depend on her acting to furnish her with a living, and it is a tribute to her skill that her acting made her wealthy.

But her success was only achieved by hard work. Not only did she devote days and weeks to the interpretation of a part, but she was her own stage manager, and superintended every detail of the presentation of a new play. Indeed, her management was more wonderful than her acting, although the latter talent was remarkable.

Years ago Miss Davenport said: "I don't want to lag superfluous on the stage until I have worn out my reputation and the public is tired of me; I want to retire while I am still popular."

She has had her wish. The stage manager Death has taken her behind the scenes while she was still a popular favorite.

* * *

When Cavaignac's Uncle Escaped from Prison

Sixty-four years ago the uncle of Cavaignac, who is now so prominently before the public, was a prisoner in Saint-Pélagie, the famous old French prison, which is about to be torn down. He had been sent there for participation in the insurrection of April, 1834.

Cavaignac noticed in the courtyard, where political prisoners used to take exercise, a trap-door leading to a disused cellar. He conceived the idea, which he communicated to his friends, of cutting into this place and of scooping out a tunnel over fifty feet long, which should emerge in a large private garden of the Rue Copeau.

They set to work at once, provided with tools brought by Mademoiselle Cavaignac, concealed in her dress, on her daily visits to Sainte-Pélagie.

Cavaignac and his fellow prisoners got stealthily into the cellar by night, and began the work of excavation. In a wonderfully short time they had hollowed out under the road which surrounds the prison a passage, four feet in diameter, in the direction of the garden above mentioned.

The escape took place on July 13th, 1835. On that night some friends of the prisoners got into the garden of the Rue Copeau, and, unknown to the people living there, dug a perpendicular shaft in the garden.

Soon afterward the prisoners, to the number of thirty, were hoisted up with ropes, and made good their escape.

This escape was made especially remarkable from the fact of its having occurred under the very eyes of the police.

* * *

Richard M. Johnson, the Georgia Writer

In the death of Richard Malcolm Johnson, the Southern novelist, the American field of letters has lost a striking figure. He was born seventy-five years ago, near Powelton, Georgia, which is identical with the Dukesborough made famous in the Dukesborough Tales.

He was always keenly interested in literature, and wrote books on the subject, but he then had no idea of story-writing for money. He was a professor of English literature in Georgia before the war, but during the war he started a school for boys. Shortly afterward he moved to Baltimore.

In 1870 there was published in Baltimore the Southern Magazine, to which he contributed the first nine of the Dukesborough papers, and for which he received not a cent. The stories attracted wide attention, and the first story for which he ever got pay, Neelus Peeler's Conditions, appeared in the Century Magazine over the signature of "Philemon Perch." Then he abandoned a *nom de plume* and began writing over his own name.

Johnson once said:

> "I have never put a word in my book that I have not heard the people use, and very few that I have not used myself. These stories are all of Georgia as it was before the war. In the hill country the institution of slavery was very different from what it was in the rice region, or near the coast. Do you know the Georgia negro has five times the sense of the South Carolina negro? Why? Because he has always been near his master, and their relations are closer. My father's slaves loved him and he loved them, and if a negro child died upon the place my mother wept for it.
>
> "Some time ago I went to the old place, and an old negro came eight miles, walked all the way, to see me. He got to the house before five o'clock in the morning, and opened the shutters while I was asleep. With a cry he rushed into the room, 'Oh, Massa Dick.' We cried in each other's arms. We had been boys together. One of my slaves is Bishop Lucius Holsey, one of the most eloquent men in Georgia."

It is, indeed, seldom that one who takes up literature as a profession at such a late date as did Mr. Johnson can make any great success in that field. But he struck at once the popular taste. There was a true ring in his stories; his heroes actually lived.

* * *

The Man at the Head of the Navy Department

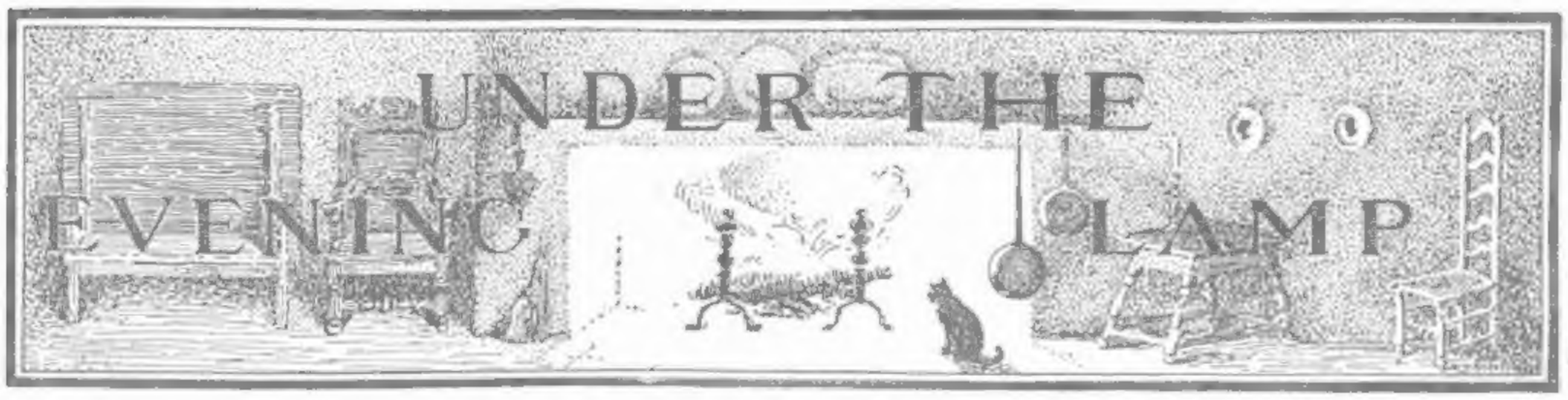
When it was learned that President McKinley desired to appoint Senator Hoar to succeed Ambassador Hay at London, the political authorities of the Old Bay State immediately cast about for the successor to Massachusetts' venerable Senator.

The leaders did not have to look far. There stands Mr. Long, the "Hingham lawyer," to whom America owes so much for his masterful handling of the Navy Department during our recent war. He should not be allowed to retire into obscurity when the present Cabinet steps down and out in 1900.

Secretary Long, in personal appearance, is far from prepossessing, yet he is decidedly conspicuous in the eyes of the world as head of the United States Navy. He has been compelled to assume large responsibilities, to act quickly, to rely at times entirely upon his own judgment, but it seems that he has never made a mistake. No breath of scandal, hardly of criticism, has touched his department or his able management of it.

Long is a true son of Massachusetts. His character is as rugged as the rock-strewn hills of the Old Bay State, and one of her huge bowlders is easier moved than Long when he is sure he is right.

He is unswerving in his devotion to duty, easy of access—even to the usually hated reporter—but brusquely frank in all he says. His administration as Governor was remarkably free from criticism. His beautiful home at Hingham, outside of "the modern Athens," is Long's chief delight. He is in no sense an office-seeker, but is willing to serve his country in any capacity. He belongs to that class of politicians represented by Webster, Choate and Sumner, and would honor his Commonwealth and the nation in the Upper House of Congress.



Counting the Motes in the Sunbeam

COUNTING the dancing motes in a bar of sunlight sounds like one of those hopeless, never-ending tasks with which malignant fairies delight to break the spirit of little heroines in the German folk-stories. Something more than this, however, has been achieved by modern science, which is now able to count the particles floating in any given portion of the atmosphere and determine what proportion of these are dangerous germs and what are mere dust.

Doctor Frankland's experiments have shown us how to count the micro-organisms, and now John Aitken, of Falkirk, by a totally different method, has been enabled to take stock of the more harmless but hardly less interesting dust motes. Thirty thousand such particles have been detected by him in the thousandth of a cubic inch of the air of a room. In the outside atmosphere in dry weather the same measurement of air yielded 2119, whereas, after a heavy rainfall, the number was only 521.

That this power of prying into atmospheric secrets will eventually yield very important results must be obvious to all. Among the most curious discoveries already made is the direct and constant relation which exists between dust particles and fogs, mist and rain.

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A Guitar That Inspired Shelley

AN INTERESTING relic of the poet Shelley was recently presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England. Though not exactly the lyre of the poet, it came very near being so. Readers of Shelley will remember the beautiful lines To a Lady with a Guitar, beginning

"Ariel to Miranda—Take
This slave of music."

The poet goes on to picture the making of the guitar—

"The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
Of the wind-swept Apennine."

Now Miranda was Jane Williams, wife of Captain Edward Ellerker Williams, the friend who afterward was drowned at sea with Shelley. This guitar was most carefully guarded and preserved by Mrs. Williams. After remaining in the family, it came to the knowledge of Mr. E. W. Silsbee, of Massachusetts, who has devoted a lifelong study to Shelley, and he expressed a desire to acquire the guitar. But the Williams family declined to part with it unless to some public institution where it could be permanently preserved.

At the suggestion of Doctor Garnett, of the British Museum, it was offered to Oxford as Shelley's university, and Mr. Silsbee most generously purchased the guitar and presented it to the University. The back of the instrument is of ebony, the minor portions of some ornamental wood. It was made by Ferdinando Bottari, of Pisa, in 1816.

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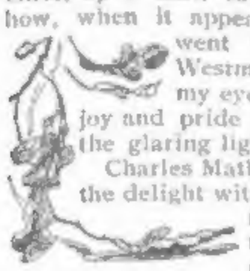
When They Made Their Début in Print

DICKENS has told us of the keen emotion that overcame him on seeing in print his first "effusion," as he styled it, which he dropped stealthily one evening, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet street, and how, when it appeared next morning, he went for half an hour into Westminster Hall, "because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the glaring light of the street."



Charles Mathews the elder describes the delight with which he gazed on the first proof of his translation of the Princess of Cleves, which appeared in the Lady's Magazine, as "boundless," and how he fancied the eyes of Europe were upon him, and that the ladies who subscribed to that periodical would unite in calling on the editor to insist on "C. M." disclosing his identity to the world.

Poor Haydon has left a vivid record of the flutter of elation with which he greeted the result of his having dropped a little composition into the letter-box of the Examiner. "Never," he writes, "shall I forget that Sunday morning. In came the paper, wet and uncut; in went the paper-knife—cut, cut, cut. Affecting not to be interested, I turned the pages open to dry, and to my certain immortality beheld, with a delight not to be expressed, the first sentence of my letter. I put down the paper, walked about the room, looked at Macbeth (a print on the wall), made the tea, buttered the toast, put in sugar, with that inexpressible, suppressed chuckle of delight which always attends a condescending relinquishment of an anticipated rapture till one is thoroughly convinced that he is perfectly ready. Who has not felt this? Who has not done this?"

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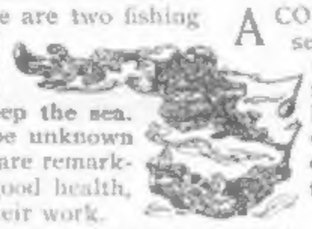
Where Mother-of-Pearl Comes From

THE mother-of-pearl fisheries of the Red Sea extend the whole length of that water. About three hundred boats are employed by the Arab tribes who are engaged in the work—open, undecked boats, of from eight to twenty tons burden, carrying a lateen sail, manned by crews of from five to twelve men, and each provided with a number of small canoes. There are two fishing seasons of the year, one of four and the other of eight months, during nearly the whole of which the boats keep the sea. Fatal accidents are said to be unknown among the divers, and they are remarkable for their strength and good health, considering the nature of their work.



They dive between the ages of ten and forty years, and the practice is said to have no ill effects. Operations are conducted only in calm weather, when the shell can be discovered by the eye at a depth varying between seven and fifteen fathoms. Of late years empty petroleum tins, with the ends knocked out and a sheet of glass inserted in one end, have been used to assist the eye. The glazed end of the tin is submerged under the sea, when a much clearer and deeper vision of the sea's floor is thereby obtained.

During the last twenty years the find is said to have diminished, owing to the dearth of shells, from ten to twenty per cent. in quantity. Shells brought to Jeddah for sale are disposed of at public auction in heaps of about half a hundredweight each. As preliminary inspection is not allowed, the bidding is purely speculative. The bulk of the shells are sent to Trieste, some to London, a few to Havre, and some of the finest and largest shells are purchased for exportation to Bethlehem, where they are engraved and sold to the pilgrims to that famous spot.

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Not So Black as They're Painted

MINISTERS' sons find a defender in De Candolle, the French scientist and skeptic, who shows that science owes great researches to the sons of the clergy. He builds a strong, solid argument against the celibacy of the clergy on this ground, and says: "In clerical families, their manner of life, their quiet regularity, their residence, largely in the country, their counsels to their children, the absence of various causes of dissipation, the habitual vigilance of the father and his domestic example of study, surpassing the advantages of other families, give all the greater strength and force to the transmission of those faculties which are appropriate to the cultivation of the sciences."

The learned author gives lists of distinguished and eminent scientists and scholars who were the sons of pastors—Agassiz, Berzelius, Boerhaave, Encke, Euler, Linnæus, Olbers, and a host of others. Among historians and philosophers he names Hallam, Hobbes, Emerson, Sismondi, and others.

A glance through any biographical dictionary reveals scores, nay hundreds, of children and grandchildren of clerics in every range of literature, science and philosophy. The disposition of sons to follow the callings of their fathers makes divinity conspicuously hereditary in such world-wide known theological luminaries and pulpiteers as Jonathan Edwards, Archbishop Whately, Robert Hall, Lightfoot, the Wesleys, Lowth, Stillingfleet, the Beechers and Spurgeons—a list that might be multiplied indefinitely, to which every reader will be able to add from his or her personal knowledge.

How many noted poets have been the fruit of clerical matrimony!—Young, Cowper, Thomson, Coleridge, Montgomery, Heber, Tennyson, Lowell, and many others of note. Look at the clerical contributions to intellectual philosophy in such distinguished sons as Dugald Stewart, Cudworth, Reid, Brown, Boyle, Abercrombie and Bentham.

Literature has been a wide field for ministers' sons to cultivate, as is evidenced by Swift, Lockhart, Macaulay, Sterne, Hazlitt, Thackeray, Bancroft, Emerson, Holmes, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, and a hundred others. To architecture this class contributed Sir Christopher Wren; to art, Sir Joshua Reynolds; to heroism, Lord Nelson. The daughters of the clergy may not be overlooked—Mme. Trollope, Mrs. Barbauld, Jane Taylor, Elizabeth Carter, the Brontës, and Mrs. Stowe.

How many sons of ministers have become eminent in civil life!—Henry Clay, Burr, the Everetts, down to Presidents Arthur and Cleveland. We are prepared for Monsieur de Candolle's figures, and for his assertion that "the sons of clerical families have actually surpassed during two hundred years, in their contributions to the roll of eminent scientists, the similar contributions of any other class of families, not excepting those that belong to scientific professions—physicians, surgeons and chemists."

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An Alphabet of Great Names

A CONTRIBUTOR has been amusing himself by trying to answer the question—or series of questions—What man in the history of the world whose name began with A—and after that every other letter of the alphabet in order—exerted the greatest influence upon the thought and conduct of mankind?

Of course, there are some letters which are not very prolific in the names of great men; but we think most of our readers will be surprised to see how many of the most illustrious names in history are included, and how few are excluded.

In some cases the compiler seems to have selected names quite as much with a view to comprehending in the list men of many countries, as because the name given was that of the greatest man of his time. The list follows: Aristotle, Bacon, Confucius, Darwin, Ezra, Franklin, Goethe, Homer, Isaiah, Justinian, Kant, Luther, Mohammed, Newton, Ossian, Plato, Quintilian, Rousseau, Shakespeare, Tasso, Uhland, Virgil, Washington, Xavier, Young, Zoroaster.

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How the Moonlight Sonata Was Composed

BEETHOVEN'S famous composition, the Moonlight Sonata, is said to have been composed under the following circumstances:

One evening, as Beethoven and a friend were hurrying through the streets of Bonn, they heard the familiar notes of the Sonata in F. Something in the musician's touch attracted the attention of Beethoven, and he stopped and listened. Suddenly the music stopped, and the despairing words of the musician came to them through the open window: "Oh, if I could but hear some really good musician play this wonderful piece!" and the words ended in a sob.

"Let us go in," said Beethoven. They entered and found the player a young girl, poor and blind. Beethoven sat down at the old harpsichord and played as he had never played before. His listeners were spellbound. "Tell us," they begged, "who are you?" For answer he played the opening bars in the Sonata in F. "It is Beethoven!" they exclaimed in awe and admiration.

Suddenly the candle flickered and went out. Beethoven ceased playing and bowed his head upon his hand. His friend threw open the shutters; a flood of beautiful moonlight entered the room. Its transfiguring light touched up the poor old instrument and rested upon the noble figure bowed before it. The profound silence was broken at last by the musician, who said, "Listen! I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight." Then was created this wonderful sonata, beginning in a sad, tender movement, the embodiment in sound of the gentle moonlight transfiguring and glorifying the dark earth.

Suddenly the music ceased, and with a brief farewell Beethoven hurried home to put upon paper this famous composition.

WIT OF THE CHILDREN

HIS LINE OF REASONING.—A naughty boy one day evaded punishment by creeping under the bed, where his mother could not reach him. Shortly after his father came, and, when told of the state of affairs, crawled on his hands and knees in search of his son and heir, when, to his astonishment, he was asked: "Is she after you, too, father?"

JOHNNIE'S VERSION.—Johnnie was about to repeat his first verse at the Sunday-school concert. Of course, it must be short, and in simple words, so his mother selected this for him, "I am the Light of the World," repeating it to him a number of times until he was sure of it. The evening of the concert came. Johnnie came out, made his best bow, and proclaimed in a loud voice, "My mother is the light of the world."

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DEFINING HOMESICKNESS.—The sensation of homesickness has been variously described but never more graphically than by a little girl who, miles away from her home and mamma, sat heavy-eyed and silent at a hotel table. "Aren't you hungry, dear?" asked her aunt, with whom she was traveling. "No'm." "Does your poor head ache?" "No'm." "Tell me what is the matter?" The lip quivered pitifully, and she said, in a tone to grieve the heart, "I'm so seasick for my home and my mamma."

THE ADVANTAGE OF TEACHING.—Returning from school with a pumpkin seed in her hand, a little girl informed her mother that her teacher had taught her that the seed was white but the pumpkin was yellow. The mother asked: "What is the color of the vines?" The five-year-old said that her teacher had not taught her that. "But," said her mother, "you know, for you have seen the vines in the garden." "Of course I have, but we are not expected to know anything until we have been taught."

APPROXIMATE CORRECTNESS.—A boy of six years, who attends a private school where prizes are given on every sort of provocation, but as yet had never earned one of them, came home one afternoon and exhibited proudly one of these rewards of merit. "Good!" said his mother; "but how did you gain it?" "I was first in natural history." "Natural history at your age! How did that happen?" "Oh, they asked me how many legs a horse had." "And what did you say?" "I said five." "But a horse hasn't five legs." "I know; but all the other boys said six."

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A DIFFICULT RETROSPECTION.—"My friends," exclaimed the eloquent minister, "were the average man to turn and look himself squarely in the eyes, and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?" "A rubber neck!" shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room; and, in the confusion which followed, the good man lost his place in his manuscript and began over again.

ANXIOUS LITTLE SISTER.—Dorothy has a baby brother who has recently been ill with the coming through of his first teeth. The baldness of baby's head has caused Dorothy great anxiety. She stood at the mother's knee one day gently patting the little head. "Be careful, Dorothy," said the mother. "You know poor little brother is sick. He is cutting teeth." Dorothy patted the bald head reflectively. "Mamma," she said, "will it make him sick when he cuts his hair? I'm afraid he'll have a tough time."

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A TIP FROM THE BACK SEAT.—A Sunday-school speaker tells of a comical experience. He was invited to make an address at a Sunday-school festival, and having nothing prepared to say, he tried to picture to the children the dolefulness of his position, and asked them this question: "What would you do if you were compelled to stand on a platform before so many bright boys and girls, who expected a speech from you, and you had nothing to say?" "I'd keep quiet," said one small boy; and his answer immediately brought down the house, and quickly brought down the speaker, too.

PAYMENT PRO RATA.—In an English Sunday-school the lady teacher was impressing upon her pupils the necessity of being entirely devoted to God. "It won't do, my dear boys," she said, "to be half-hearted in this service. There is a crown of glory laid up for every one who is good all the time; but do you suppose there is anything for a boy who is good only half the time?" There was a pause for a moment, and then a big, shock-headed boy drawled out: "It do seem to me, missus, that theem as is good 'arf the time ought to get 'arf the crown."

NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

China in Transformation, by Archibald R. Colquhoun.—Like an exhausted whale, left floundering in the shallows by the outward rush of the tide, China lies stranded on the lee shore of civilization, an inert, helpless, hopeless mass, from which any passer-by may hack a strip of rich and oily, if rather ill-smelling, blubber.

To England, whose knife has long been in her side, the problem of China's dismemberment has become the vital one of the closing years of the century. For now her neighbors are jostling her aside and snatching a share of the carcass from her very hands. But the average American is just waking up to the fact that big things are happening in the East. Before the Yankee conquest of the Philippines drew his eyes in that direction, an occasional reference in his morning paper to "the yellow danger" excited his curiosity; but when he learned that the new catch phrase referred to Chinamen, he turned half-contemptuously away, and passed on to the more familiar ground of "yellow ball" and "yellow journalism." But now that America, too, has a stake in the far East, he is finding out that there is money to be made out of a nation which he had heretofore supposed, in a vague, hazy way, took in the world's washing, and which devoted its leisure moments to heathen practices.

The man seeking further enlightenment will find it in Mr. Colquhoun's book. But he must sit down to it with a serious and attentive mind; for it is written in the heavy style of an Englishman who is duly impressed with the importance of his subject. The first two chapters are rather dull; after them the interest grows to the end.

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The Russian bear is the bogy of Mr. Colquhoun's book; that "British enterprise has never, in fact, been supported as it should be since Palmerston's time," his text. He strongly advocates the "forward policy" for England. "The yielding policy," he says, "had always failed, both in the object aimed at and in retaining the friendship of the Chinese officials to whom we yielded."

Of Russia's acts in the far East he says: "Russian ambition is a permanent plant, with its roots struck in the sentiments of over one hundred millions of people. Only a wall of solid construction can set bounds to it."

But interesting as are the author's personal opinions on the Chinese question, the principal value of his book is the clear picture which it gives of the country and the conditions prevailing there. After two chapters, one of which is devoted to the geography and the other to the foreign relations of China, he also considers the Economic Question, the Question of Communications, England's Objective in China, Commercial Development, Diplomatic Intercourse, the Chinese People, the Chinese Democracy, and so on.

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His frank remarks on the opium trade, which Americans have been accustomed to regard as a rather shady business, will make the reader open his eyes. Of it he says:

"The most marked feature, and the one which concerns us most, for it involves the loss of a large income, is the decrease in the import of the Indian article. There cannot be any doubt that the foreign drug will finally be driven, by native competition, from the China market."

Mr. Colquhoun has no doubt of the financial success of railways under European administration. What China wants is not strategic lines, he thinks, but lines carried along the main avenues of internal commerce.

Speaking broadly, if Mr. Colquhoun's book is not altogether pleasant reading for an Englishman, it is, at least, instructive to the American in matters of which he has too long been comparatively ignorant. (Harper & Bro., New York.)

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Through China With a Camera, by John Thomson, F. R. G. S.—What one misses in China in Transformation is supplied by Through China with a Camera. In fact, one could almost say that one book is supplementary to the other.

It is of conditions that Mr. Colquhoun writes; it is men and things that Mr. Thomson pictures. Both are instructive; both, it must be confessed, are a little heavy and ponderous in style.

Mr. Thomson's book is written from personal experience. He has penetrated behind the impenetrable Chinese Wall and observed closely. Not only that, but his ever-eager camera has been snapped on the best of what he has seen, so that his text is illuminated with nearly one hundred magnificent full-page pictures. He shows us the Chinaman at home and abroad, tells us the details of his daily life, describes his manners, customs and institutions, and has much to say of his cities and country.

Of the capabilities latent in the race he thinks very highly, for on this subject he says:

"The Chinaman out of his own country, enjoying the security and prosperity which a more liberal administration confers, seems to develop into something like a new being. No longer chained to the soil, he finds wide scope for his energies and high rewards for his industry. He is charged with latent energy and intelligence, which, as we shall see, only require change of condition and fitting opportunities for their liberation."

It is when he is telling of the daily life of the Chinese that Mr. Thomson is most interesting.

"Many Chinese women," he tells us, "spend a great portion of their time in gossiping, smoking and gambling. The married lady rises early, and first sees that tea is prepared for her husband, as well as hot water and other essentials for his morning bath.

"Each lady has generally one or two maids, besides a small slave girl, who waits on the maids. The dressing of a lady's hair occupies her attention from one to two hours; then a white paste is prepared and daubed over her face and neck. . . . Afterward a blush of rose powder is applied to the cheeks and eyelids, the surplus rouge remaining on the lady's palms. . . . Many of them have chignons and false hair."

At best, the author concludes, the picture of China is a sad one.

"Poverty and ignorance we have among us in England; but no poverty so wretched, no ignorance so intense, as are found among the millions of China."

In every mechanical detail, such as paper, printing, binding and illustration, the book is a superb affair. For the rest, one may regret that its tone is not lighter, but, none the less, its interest is undeniable. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

THE STONE CAMELS BY THE ROADSIDE

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A Creel of Irish Stories, by Jane Barlow.—Though inclined to accept the British author at par, he has abused our confidence so often of late that we are coming to look askance at his stories when their labels lead us to suspect that he is trying to unload on a long-suffering nation another of those cryptogramic "diagramic" dialects which are spoken by the dwellers on the English downs, the Scottish moors and the Irish bogs. Zack we have accepted meekly enough—at least, most of us—on the certificate of budding genius, which some of the British reviews have so generously furnished and the American ones so kindly approved.

But after the agony of puzzling out her half-baked tragedies in their native dialect, the implication of the title of Miss Barlow's latest book makes one who is unfamiljar with her work wary of dipping into it.

The fear is unfounded. Miss Barlow is not of that school which forgets the story while grinding out the dialect. Even an American can understand her without footnotes or a glossary. She conveys to the reader the twang, the idiom, the whimsicality of the Irishman's speech with a minimum of bad spelling and phonetic acrobatics. Better still, she knows her people well, their poverty, their suffering, their petty superstitions, their simple pleasures, their native wit—all the pathos, all the brightness of their lives she sees and feels, and all this, with the simplicity of real art, she makes her readers see and feel.

The Keys of the Chest, the first tale in the Creel (basket), is sombre—sad; in fact, throughout these stories there is something of the pathetic even where the note is humorous, and tears lie close behind the laughter. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

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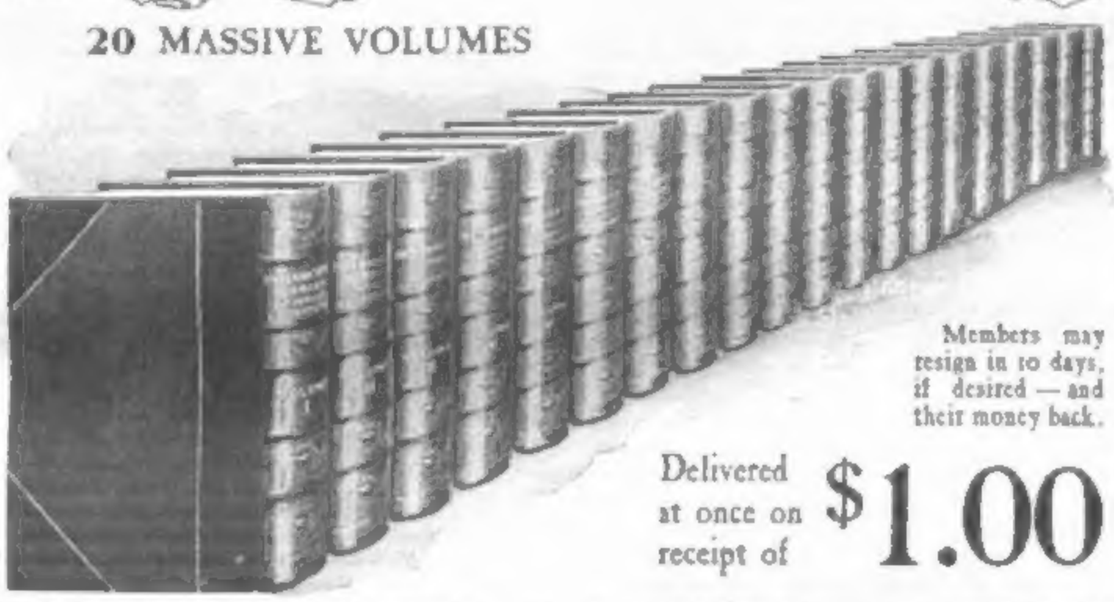
Familiar Talks About Authors

MR. SWINBURNE is one of the few men who have attained eminence, yet who left their University without taking a degree. Although Mr. Swinburne had a remarkable gift for classics, and is indeed one of the finest living Greek scholars, he could not settle down to work at Baliol. His heart was elsewhere, and he left Oxford without a pang to luxuriate with Walter Savage Landor in Italy. Mr. Swinburne leads a hermit's life at Putney, wedded to "children and the Muses."

MR. ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING is establishing a school at Asolo, Italy, for the benefit of girls employed in the silk mills there. The memory of Robert Browning will thus be linked more closely than ever with the place.

"RITA" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys), the authoress, was born in Inverness, but spent her childhood in Australia. She usually begins her stories with one character and one idea; the other persons and the scenery group themselves round this central point and develop. Her favorite pursuits are riding, reading and music.

20 MASSIVE VOLUMES



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